

THE ECLECTIC.

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THOMAS BINNEY.*

THE appearance in print of the short, but singularly apt and powerful Inaugural Address, by the Rev. Thomas Binney to the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, at Cheshunt College, upon the occasion of his induction to the office of its President, and the simultaneous appearance of the portrait of the author in the gallery of the *Illustrated News of the World*, conjoined to his restoration in health to all the activities of the life of his denomination, have all united to give to our minds an exercise upon this singularly-central, and noble, and useful man, who, having served already a generation by his powers, still retains them in active conservation. And so we determined upon a renewed glance over his multifarious pile of pamphlets, and charges, and sermons, and an attempt at some rapid generalization of his life and labours. In relation to the man himself—his objects and his achievements—from our standpoint our readers can expect nothing less from us than eulogy. Assemble together any hundred of the most intelligent and thoughtful ministers of our denomination—the men who tell on our work in the present age, and whose work is either the ministration to strong minds, or the consolation of really doubtful ones—and probably they will all acknowledge their deep indebtedness to the minister of the King's Weigh House. Orators

* 1. The Rev. Thomas Binney; Portrait, and Sketch of Life. "Illustrated News of the World," No. 147.

2. Two Addresses at Cheshunt College, October 9th, 1860. By the Rev. T. Binney, and the Rev. H. R. Reynolds. Ward and Co., 27 Paternoster Row.

3. "Lights and Shadows of Church Life in Australia; including Thoughts on some things at Home;" by T. Binney. To which is added, "Two Hundred Years Ago: Then and Now." Second Edition. Jackson and Walford, 18 St. Paul's Churchyard.

seldom win for themselves any measure of deep personal affection: they charm and astonish by their audacious, or mellifluous, or polished periods, but they are seldom loved. Great is the difference between the thrilling wind, or the overpowering music which awes the auditor, and the word which, not satisfied with coming "very nigh" us, enters into our soul; and thus, great is the difference between the influence of Mr. Binney and that exercised by many who have held, and do hold together by their voice far greater multitudes. Scattered over the whole land, over the whole world, are those in the ministry, and filling various offices of trust, to whom the memory of the teacher of the Weigh House stands mellowed by the tenderest lights of reverence, and robed in the most affectionate admiration. When he was in Australia, one important cause of Mr. Binney's very successful tour was the amazing multitude of old personal friends—members of the church of the Weigh House—who crowded round him. Perhaps of no other living preacher, of no other for many years, can it be so truly said, "his words have gone to the end of the world."

The *Illustrated News of the World* thus concisely refers to Mr. Binney's early origin, his first years in London, and the place of his ministry

"This distinguished minister and most effective pulpit orator was born about the year 1798 or 1799 at Newcastle-on-Tyne; he was educated at Wymondley College, an institution founded by William Coward, Esq., of Walthamstow, a munificent Nonconformist of the last century, and first presided over by the celebrated Dr. Doddridge. It is now one of the United Colleges which, together, constitute what is called New College, St. John's Wood. Mr. Binney was first settled at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, as minister of St. James's Church, whence he removed, in 1829, to London, to accept the pastorate of the church and congregation assembling in a place of worship known as the 'King's Weigh House Chapel.' To many readers such a name must appear inexplicable; but it is suggestive of historical recollections. Before the great fire of London, the King's Weigh House stood in Cornhill; its object was to prevent frauds by weighing merchandise, brought from beyond sea, by the King's Beam. After the great fire of London, it was removed from Cornhill to Little Eastcheap, and over the building thus appropriated assembled the first members of the Church of the Weigh House. Its first three pastors were ministers ejected from the Establishment by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662. In 1795 a new and, for those times, handsome meeting-house was erected (still over a warehouse) to accommodate the congregation presided over by the Rev. John Clayton; but after Mr. Binney's arrival in London the site was changed altogether; the name was transferred, with the church and congregation, to the handsome and commodious New King's Weigh

House Chapel on Fish-street Hill. On the afternoon of May 25th, 1834, Mr. Binney preached his farewell sermon within the time-honoured walls of the old building, from the text, 'Arise, let us go hence.' The new chapel was opened in the following week."

In order rightly to understand and to appreciate the work which Mr. Binney has done, we must remember that he has anticipated and prepared for much of the denominational work of the present generation. Widely different was the city of London when he accepted the call to minister within its walls, to the London of the present day. Its religious life has changed even more than its moral adornments and facilities. Few persons now could realise the old world round Fish-street Hill. Old London Bridge was standing. Where now we pass down the crowded but commodious King William-street and Cannon-street, we then were hurried along narrow dirty lanes; the long, straight, broad ways of modern city architecture were unknown; the suburbs, as we know them, were then not in existence; and the merchant princes of London even, and the crowds of wealthy tradesmen, did not then, as now, flock out to elegant villas and palaces some miles remote from the Exchange. Not an omnibus ran through any street; not a railway—not even the London and the Greenwich—alarmed the conservatism of those days. But how do all these statements respecting civic life affect the position of Mr. Binney? In many ways: London then had a large, important, thoughtful population residing within its limits; the mighty middle class, from which Dissent is constantly invigorated, lived then within the walls of the city, or within its immediate neighbourhood: especially the young men—clerks, shopkeepers, and others—found their homes there. Thus Dissent in London had great power and influence: its chapels, indeed, up to that period, or to a period immediately before, were singular enough, and would have found no place in any order of architecture; but the Independents of London formed a strong and united confederacy, with a very distinct stamp and seal of the old Puritan, both upon their forms, their faith, and their worship. Plain and unpretentious buildings as their temples were, within they nourished very much of the earnest piety, the thoughtful devotedness of the men who ages before had retreated into bye lanes, into cellars and warehouses, from the cruelty of prelatical persecution, and not less from the negative Arminianism and Erastian and latitudinarian offensiveness of the Establishment, which to them, was the realisation of Lord Chatham's famous phillipic against it, that it had "a Popish Liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, and an Arminian clergy."

And another important element obtained in the Dissent of that day : the line of distinction between the Church of England and all Nonconformist things was very clearly defined. "The Test and Corporation Acts" were but just repealed. That abominable padlock, riveting all Dissenters down below the hatches in the great political vessel, had, until 1827, remained in full force. Clergymen and dissenting ministers were sometimes, in some rare corners of the land, on terms of friendship and communion with each other ; but it could never be the friendship of equals—it is scarcely ever that now. There could be no union in the sense in which we now behold union all around us. If there were political Dissenters, they were so, not so much as contending for civil rights upon equitable principles, but as protesting against injustice, intolerance, and insolence. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." The steps of a good and great man are especially ordered by the Lord. Mr. Binney, at a most critical moment in the history of Nonconformity, was placed upon a prominent and elevated platform, from whence he was able to exercise an influence such as no other man throughout his denomination could have been found to exercise. In that day Church dignitaries were, from the circumstances of the moment, especially and extravagantly insolent. He, from the centre of the kingdom, was able to reply to them in language of which even the *British Critic* (the High Church organ) said—"Certainly he is not polite ; he does not mince matters ; but there are many things for which we like him. We like him for the vigorous idiomatic English of his style ; we like him for his downrightness ; we like him for the manly and straightforward determination with which he deals his blows. *He* does not keep us in doubt or suspense." But he not only served his church by standing in the attitude of defence, and occasionally even venturing upon sorties of aggression into the camp of the Establishment ; he more especially served his generation as a teacher ; and we are desirous of devoting some attention to his influence and position, in both his polemical and his prophetic character.

The perusal of Mr. Binney's "Church Life in Australia" has compelled us to glance over his relation through his generation to Dissent and to ecclesiology in general. Perhaps even some of our readers may be surprised to know that he neither is, nor has ever been, committed to extremes. The "celebrated sentence" which has given to his name so extensive, and with many Church people and Nonconformists too, so unenviable a notoriety, demands, in a review like this, some comment. It is a mistake to suppose that it appeared in any sermon or address ; it occurs in an appendix to the address on laying the foundation-stone of the New King's

Weigh House Chapel. And severe as the sentence unquestionably looks when standing or quoted by itself, it is really guarded by a respectful candour and kindness. Here it is:—"Truth cannot be injured by fair and full discussion, and by open and uncompromising statements. I have no hesitation about saying that I am an enemy to the Establishment, and I do not see that a Churchman need hesitate to say that he is an enemy to Dissent: neither of us would mean *the persons* of Churchmen or Dissenters, nor the Episcopal or other portions of the universal church; but the *principle* of the national religious Establishment, which we should respectively regard as deserving, universally, opposition or support. It is with me, I confess, a matter of deep serious religious conviction, that *the Established Church is a great national evil*; that it is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land; that *it destroys more souls than it saves*; and therefore its end is to be devoutly wished by every lover of God and man. Right or wrong, this is my belief."

The Episcopal Establishment of England,—we must consciously distinguish between this and the Episcopal Church, which is not a political hierarchy at all, but the congregation, more or less visible, of just so many faithful, and holy, and spiritually-minded men and women as are in communion with it, finding within its enclosure their best spiritual food, and admitted not by the hand of the ordaining or confirming bishop, but by the Spirit of the living God and by fellowship with the great Head of the Church—in contra-distinction to this, then, the Establishment, the Political and Hierarchical Establishment of the country, is a very nondescript animal; it has plenty of "muscular Christianity" at its command; it can deal very hard blows; it has talons, or claws, with which it can occasionally tear and rend, even now; but the marvel of the creature is, that it has a skin neither pachydermatous nor even healthily epidermatous; wonderful that a creature so constituted as to have no conscience skin within it, capable of any feeling, should have a mucous membrane upon it, covering over every part, so singularly sensitive and tender. The Establishment and its ministrations (we draw the distinction between these and the ministers of the truth as it is in Jesus within its walls) are remarkably able to inflict pain on others to any extent; they will trail to prison still very cheerfully; they will still fine and confiscate; they will still excommunicate from the Lord's table; they will deny a body in the churchyard burial, reckless of violating the feelings of survivors and friends; and it must be admitted, that the ministers of the Establishment gave to Mr. Binney plenty of occasion for any amount of severity in which he could indulge towards them. The late Bishop of London, Charles

James Blomfield, strongly commended to his clergy a book, the letters of "L.S.E.," of which it is but mere fact to say its folly, its falsehood, and its filthiness all are in proportion and all measured out to the extent of its author's powers. This book was commended from the Cathedral chair by the Bishop of London in it. The writer says:—"Dissenters in dissenting and separating from the Church commit the heinous sin of schism, which is, in my opinion, a greater sin than that of drunkenness, and therefore a great deal more frequently spoken of in the Word of God." And again: "I look upon schism, in fact, as tantamount to a renunciation of Christianity. What is it but a renouncing of the Church of Christ, a renouncing of her ministers, and through them, of Christ himself?" Again: "They, by their schism, cut themselves off from the visible Church, and cannot therefore expect to be considered as Christians, but according to the command of Christ, as heathens and publicans. In a Christian point of view, we have nothing to do with them, we must leave them entirely in the hands of God; they are without the pale of the visible Church of Christ; and we are to act in the spirit of what the Apostle says, 'What have I to do to judge them also that are without? Them that are without God judgeth.' The curse of God appears to me to rest heavily upon them." [Our readers will need to take a long breath after these precious gems of Ecclesiological and Biblical criticism.]

Principally in reply to this book and to the Bishop appeared Mr. Binney's well-known sermon, "Dissent, not Schism;" and certainly whatever amount of bitterness of expression may have entered into the speech of our author—and really bitterness we find none, though we do find idiomatic strength of expression—the Establishment has most industriously given him his occasion. Some circumstances must have burnt with moral caustic into his feelings the sense of the monstrous iniquity and wrong which canonical and rubric law will assist a clergyman in perpetrating. He says—

"Two facts illustrative of this supposed possibility came under my notice soon after these words were written. A clergyman in London refused to bury a child which I had baptized. The parents wished it to sleep in a grave they had in the churchyard; and I therefore went to the clergyman to request him to perform the service. He said, 'he could not do it conscientiously; he dared not to violate his conviction; he did not regard the child as baptized according to the meaning of the Church.'" "But you know," I said, "that it has very recently been decided in the Court of Arches that lay baptism is valid, and that you have no legal ground of refusal." "I know the decision, but I cannot accept it; I must decline." "You are

aware that the consequences of refusal may be very serious." "Yes, I know that; God, I hope, will support me, but I must obey my conscience." "Well, my dear Sir," I said, "God forbid that we should do anything to hurt any man's conscience. I will bury the child myself, for I can do it in a way which will entail no evil consequences on either of us." The poor man seemed greatly relieved. I could not go into the churchyard to bury the child, because to have opened my mouth on consecrated ground would have exposed me to a prosecution; but I went *to the outside of the rails*, near to which the poor little innocent's grave happened to be. The weeping friends stood round it. I prayed and spoke, addressing words of comfort to the bereaved parents; and then I explained to the people who had gathered about, the reason of the singular spectacle that had attracted them. I thus saved the clergyman's conscience, which compelled him to resist the law; but I certainly thought that either such laws should not exist, or that such men should not remain under them. The other case was worse than the foregoing. A friend of mine, who had been a most useful minister in the town where he had resided some thirty years, died. He had a vault, his own property, in the churchyard, in which lay two of his children. He, it happened, had been baptized in the Church of England. The clergyman, however, refused to bury him on the ground that he had been a schismatical Dissenting teacher; for, though baptized in the Church, and never formally excommunicated, he had, by being a Dissenting teacher, *ipso facto* canonically excommunicated himself. Nothing could move the man. The family had not the means of going to law; nor would they have gone if they had. There was no general cemetery in the place, or my friend's family-vault would not have been in the churchyard, nor would a stranger have been required to bury him. A grave was dug in the chapel in which he had preached—in front of the pulpit—and there we laid him."*

In the light of great civil and social wrongs like these—and such cases might easily be multiplied—what a mockery it is to talk of the bitterness of a sentence! A man insults your friend's corpse, and spits upon his coffin, and then complains that there is a little too much point in your syntax. Very good, indeed! No cause have we to wonder at the solemn soliloquy with which Mr. Binney sums up his "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity" (to subscribe). He says—

"What would this demand—to what would it expose me? I must sophisticate my understanding. I must fetter my intellect. I must shut my eyes and close my ears to much that at present seems distinct and loud. I must call things by their *wrong* names, and that, too, where mistake may be infinitely hazardous. I must say to God, in an act of worship, what I should repudiate to man in

* "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity," p. 26-27.

confidential conversation. Acts like these would be pregnant with painful and punitive consequences. I should lose, I fear, the love of truth, or the power of pursuing, acknowledging, maintaining it. I should cease, perhaps, to be affected by evidence; plain words might come to be lost upon me; if I got over some that are lying here, I seem to feel that I could get over anything; that there would be no language I could not pervert, parry, resist, or explain away. With my views, the act of subscription would either indicate the death within me of the moral man, or it would inflict such a wound that he would soon die—die, I mean, *so far* as those things are concerned which must be lost sight of to subscribe at all, and of those which are to be done and said after subscribing; or, if he lived, and continued to live, I should be daily obliged to be doing something, which would lacerate and pain him, and pierce him to the soul. The very services of religion would be sources of anguish. Prayer itself would consist, at times, of words which I feel I can never approve, and which, ever as I uttered them, would renew my misgivings, and disturb my peace. My nature, in its highest essence, would be injured. My moral sense would be sacrificed or seduced. I CANNOT DO IT. I will not. This, too, would be '*great wickedness and sin against God.*' It would be sin against myself. I never will consent to pay such a price for the advantages which clerical conformity can confer. I see them all. I feel their attraction. Principle as to some—preference as to others—taste, habit, association as to most—strongly induce and impel me towards them. I could wish them mine. I should be glad to secure them. I would give for them anything consistent with honour. *It should not be heroism to refuse that.* I determine to refuse it. To all the inducements to enter the establishment, I oppose one thing, and but one. With my predilections, I have little else; but *with my opinions*, I ought to have *that—a living conscience*. By God's help I will strive to retain it. It shall be kept by me, and kept alive. It and I must part company, if I offend it by deliberately doing what is wrong. God of my strength, preserve me from this; '*let thy grace be sufficient for me;*' '*keep back thy servant from presumptuous sin;*' with the light which Thou, I trust, hast poured into my soul, and the love with which Thou hast replenished my heart, I dare not permit myself to sanction and to say, what I feel I must, if I consent to use these forms and offices. '*A good conscience*' is to be found only in withholding that consent. I am determined to withhold it. I go nowhere unless conscience can go with me. I am satisfied to remain wherever it remains. This is my feeling; and *on account of this—and of this only—I HERE RESOLVE TO REFUSE ORDERS.*"*

To Mr. Binney also belongs this praise—that, before any other man of his denomination, he has comprehended the work of Congregationalism. Perhaps before the existence of Congregational

* "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity." pp. 34-35.

Unions, Independency had more of a corporate spirit than it has now: within the last twenty years it has gained in catholicity, and it has lost in corporateness. In the old times of Independency it was held in oneness by an all-permeating instinct, which seems to have deserted it lately. Independents now speak of their principles with bated breath; they hand over the avowal and defence of their peculiar ecclesiastical dogmas to the "Liberation Society," afraid lest they should offend, by too explicit an avowal of Anti-State-Churchism, some of their newly-found clerical friends. For instance, "Rusticus" thus innocently writes to our amiable friend the *Record*:—

"I have lately heard it mentioned, as a difficulty in the way of joining the Evangelical Alliance, that at its sessions Dissenters will meet Churchmen on a friendly footing, and afterwards endeavour to bring about the separation of Church and State. As a friend to the Alliance, I hope that such an assertion can be met by a candid denial of its truth. For, surely, would it not be somewhat inconsistent one day to give Churchmen the right hand of Christian fellowship, and on the next day to join in a direct attack upon the interests of that Church which they hold dear? As the Churchmen who are members of the Evangelical Alliance cannot certainly be charged with any aggressive organization against Dissenting Churches, so I trust that those Dissenting friends who are also members consider it a point of honour, involving the cause of consistency and brotherly union, to stand aloof from any society whose object they know to be positively inimical as well as repugnant to Churchmen. Such a union of politics with religion is much to be dreaded, as injurious both to the best interests of the Alliance and also to the increase of real brotherly love."

A pretty price we shall pay for the grace and courtesy of the two fingers of recognition, if we are to throw all the freightage of our Nonconformity over the sides of our vessel into these Pacific seas! Truly, peace is good; but principle is better than peace. Great must be the changes in the Establishment before the Congregational Nonconformist can feel much tranquillity of soul towards it; a severe conscientiousness has compelled him to take his stand where Mr. Binney has taken his, and to say, "I hereby resolve to refuse orders." Things press upon the conscience of the thoughtful minister which perhaps never touch the spirit of the layman. Sometimes in amazement and perplexity one is compelled to cry, "How *can* they subscribe?" Truly, Mr. Jowett's elaborate apology for disingenuousness and casuistry in cases of conscience was needed, but the morality is dreadful. Compare the magnanimity of such declarations as those we cited above, from Mr. Binney's "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity," with such miserable jesuitry as the following:—

"So, again, in daily life cases often occur in which we must do as other men do, and act upon a general understanding, even though unable to reconcile a particular practice to the letter of truthfulness, or even to our individual conscience." [This would be a fine apology for forgery as well as subscription.] "It is hard in such cases to lay down a definite rule. But in general we should be suspicious of any conscientious scruples in which other good men do not share." [An argument for being Romanists in Rome and slaveholders in South Carolina.] "We shall do right to make a large allowance for the perplexities and entanglements of human things; we shall observe that persons of strong mind and will brush away our scruples; we shall consider that not he who has most, but he who has fewest scruples, approaches most nearly the true Christian," &c., &c.* All this is horrible! horrible! thus they come to subscribe, and this is what subscription brings them to.

How can they subscribe? Dr. Temple, who has subscribed all no doubt without a scruple, virtually disavows faith in all to which he has put his name, when he tells us "that had revelation been delayed till now, assuredly it would have been hard for us to recognise *His* divinity, for the faculty of faith has turned inwards, and cannot now accept any outer manifestations of the truth of God." Again: "The Bible, by its form, is hindered from exercising a despotism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an outlaw."† That a man should have been able to subscribe and to say these things is dreadful, truly he must have become expert in casuistry; but it is most affecting to see Mr. Maurice hugging his chains; and alas, it seems to us, while describing with such exactness the beauty of the links and the rivets, revealing the consciousness of his bondage, it is shocking to us to hear his free spirit uttering such words as the following:—"I do not believe that we should dare to tell you that you have all a heavenly Father; that you may verily, and indeed, call yourselves God's children, if we had not the Prayer Book to direct us."‡ So that it can no longer be said "the Bible, and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." To square his conscience and his creed, and thus to apologise for his subscription, Mr. Maurice must find a broader gospel than Christ published, or Paul preached, or the New Testament contains. How can they subscribe?

When, in a Turkish mosque, one with a very harsh voice was

* Jowett on St. Paul's Epistles.—"Casuistry," p. 397.

† Oxford Essays and Reviews.

‡ "The Faith of the Liturgy, and the Doctrine of the Thirty-Nine Articles." Two Sermons, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A.

reading the Koran in a loud tone, a good and holy Mollah went to him, and said—"What is your monthly stipend?" And he answered, "Nothing." Then said he, "Why give thyself so much trouble?" And he said, "I am reading for the sake of God." The good and holy Mollah replied—"For the sake of God do not read; for, if you enunciate the Koran after this manner, thou wilt cast a shade over the glory of orthodoxy." And truly, if such men as those to whom we have referred have subscribed for the glory of God, for the glory of God they had better have remained honest and free.

This has been ever present to the mind of Mr. Binney. He has maintained the mission of Congregationalism to the middle classes of the country—the mind accustomed to thought, and incapable of mendacious condescension to the subtleties and sophisms of apologetic time-serving. Thoroughly aware of the defects in the Congregational system, as it works at present, perhaps his "Church Life in Australia" is intended to point to a method by which the entire independence of the Churches may be retained, while aggression may be rendered more usefully active, and conservatism more complete. Perhaps, also, there are some passages in his writings which indicate that Mr. Binney would not be entirely hostile to an Establishment; even, perhaps, that he regards an Establishment in this country as necessary to repel the insolence of the Romish hierarchy; but far, far different must such an Establishment be to that of the present. In utter despair of the utility of any political activity—perhaps in doubt or distrust of the right of the religious man to appeal to that agency—he continues then a religious Nonconformist; a believer in the work of Congregationalism—no reason why it should be hampered in its forms, its architecture, its melody, or its Liturgy. Its great work, however, is to trace religious honesty, to maintain the integrity of conviction, to rouse and to minister to thought, to hallow the most elevated affections; while maintaining the individuality of the individual, to be not less earnest in centralizing and confederating the churches of this Communion.* Such, on the whole, have been the Ecclesiological teachings of Mr. Binney.

He has been called a Conservative Dissenter; and he well deserves the epithet. Upon many things in the Church of England it is quite evident he looks with a loving eye. Dissent, he says, he regards as an evil. Sorrowing that he is unable to unite in the ministrations of its services, to Episcopacy he has not

* See "Congregationalism: its Mission and Necessities to the Present Age." An Address at Crosby Hall, 1848.

much objection, the strength and vehemence of his Congregationalism has never been on that side ; neither has he been a vehement dissenter from liturgic services and forms ; but he has maintained a decided hostility to the Rubric, and to the Prayer Book ; not indeed to the greater portion of the spirit or theology of the last, but to the slavery of its formulary, and to the too-frequently Popish twang of its absolutions and comminations—its confirmations and baptismal regenerations. Hence, he has kept a watchful eye upon all the movements within the Establishment in his day, just holding them up to the light, and surrounding them with that illustrative commentary calculated to show the utter absurdity of a Christian religion of the New Testament, expounded and defined by lawyers, and, hence, in the person of John Search, he indignantly exclaims, referring to the great Gorham case :—

“A whole world-full of modern men, with the thoughts to think and the work to do belonging to their age, have been obliged to listen for weeks and months to the jargon of the schools, to metaphysical distinctions and theological niceties that *they* only can regard as important who draw the pabulum of their internal life from the past—*man's* past, not God's—the times of councils and popes and priests, who suspended eternity on whatever attached importance to themselves ! Why, who cares what this council, or that, or the other, thought or determined ? What is it to us, who have got something else to think about and do, in this nineteenth century of the Christian redemption, (and society nothing like redeemed yet,) than to hear what was thought, hundreds of years ago, on matters, it may be, which nobody believes, or about which we can judge better ourselves than any old ecclesiastical conclave could judge for us.”*

Severity and satire are the only weapons that can be employed upon some moral skins. And ministers of the Establishment have shown the way to wield the thong of religious satire ; listen to the hootings of “The Owlet of Owlston Hedge,” and its pleasant companion, “The Curate of Cumberworth, and the Vicar of Roost.” If clergymen treat so smartly the sins of their Church, surely they can scarcely be surprised if they find that the men whom they treat with indignity for dissenting from their communion, employ the same weapon. Moreover, Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow, a highly respectable clergyman, had employed the same weapon in his, for some time famous, but now forgotten, “Legend of the Velvet Cushion.” Very singular is the position of Church of Englandism, and it needs to be expounded to Englishmen—it holds together the most perplexing and startling incongruities ; the *Saturday Review* and the *Record* are both organs of the Church of England ;

* Preface to the Great Gorham Case, p. 12.

the authors of "The Tracts for the Times," and "The Oxford Essays," alike minister from the altars of the Church of England—one thing holds all together; take that away, and everything tumbles to pieces—that one thing is not the authority of the bishop—not the Prayer Book, for that is insufficient—not the Word of God, and the rule of salvation, *they* are out of the question—it is just a bit of red tape.

In one of those dreamy moments when we were walking through London streets, we heard, or seemed to hear, a strange conversation going on between the pulpit of the King's Weigh House and the reading desk of St. George's-in-the-East. When London streets are still at night, it is quite wonderful what whisperings do creep up and down and round one's ears among the old buildings, and the comparatively new ones upon this occasion found a tongue. I think Weigh House begun it by a kind of half-dozing, musing soliloquy upon itself. "Well," methought we heard it say, "what a curious thing this religious Rubric is—what a troublesome matter to find your communion rails and pulpit balustrades are simply ropes of red tape—a pretty pass to come to indeed—Christ's Church maintained neither by conviction, conscience, nor His Testament, nor Apostolical prescription, but simply by the red tape, and very dirty red tape, too, of old prescriptive usage. I say, St. George, when do you turn dragon killer, and put an end to these riots?"

We thought we heard the reading-desk of St. George's reply:—"Weigh House, Weigh House, I've heard of you, and I do desire to have nothing to do with you. I don't know you; you are to me a heathen; all that is done within your precincts is *irregular*, and the unhappy man who stands within you is merely a disorderly layman. We must have Church order and rule:" and a shade of grim displeasure passed over the surface of the desk, and ruffled the tassels of the cushion above with a gentle agitation, as it said this.

"Church order!" again exclaimed the Weigh House pulpit, "Irregular! why, whenever and wherever in the whole history of Nonconformity, not to say my history, though I date my generations back for some two hundred and twenty years—whenever were disorders and irregularities carried to such an extent as on your premises. I believe our bishop has created sometimes a little stir by one or two of his sayings, especially one you have heard of, but those who did not like this left us; although as I have for some nearly a quarter of a century seen every nook of the chapel crowded, I fancy they have not been especially unpalatable and severe; if you say they were irregular, why they were in self-

defence—very different to the poor daft lunatic you call your minister—I tell you, St. George's, its all Popish. Somehow or other, I need not tell you how, I had an opportunity the other day of looking over a Roman Catholic Directory and Almanac, and there I saw very particular directions given for the colour of priestly vestments on any day—black and white, and green and violet, and red; these you call church vestments!—the ragged trumpery of obsolete and superstitious formality, the miserable haberdashery and upholstery of priestly trickery! And so for this precious order you would rather turn your temple into a den and cage of wild beasts, than dispense with green robes and white sheeted and sepulchral choristers. Well, I've never heard the rustle of a robe within my boards, but we've had quiet worship anyhow."

"I was quite certain," violently burst in St. George's, "that if I permitted myself to be ensnared into the condescension of any conversation with you, I should surely be bespattered with black words; there is insolence in every word you've uttered; but, say what you will, law is law, and order is order. What are you, you box of a schismatic, to talk such words to me, and I the consecrated desk of a descendant of the Apostles? Ah, Mr. Weigh House, you know as well as I do that all the disorder is made by those vile, Low Church people, who have no business with us at all; *ours* is the Church—the Church of the Rubric."

But Weigh House somewhat rudely broke in—

"Aye, aye! call it red tape; that's the vernacular word for Rubric."

"I don't want to speak in vernacular, as you call it, at all," cries St. George's; "but I will say this, I've a greater dislike to your Low Church friends, Weigh House, than to you. Why, at the best, like yourself, they are only tolerated. Faugh! they are not of our Church; they don't belong to 'our set' at all."

"You see, my dear St. George's, you are in a fog and delusion altogether. You have law! order!! why its all nonsense. And, so far from that, you are incapable of governing yourself, and you *can't* be governed, and you *won't* be governed. You have been harlequinading and rioting till you have succeeded in making your Church a laughing-stock to the world. The truth is, your Church is powerless. And you a reading-desk in the Church of England! Why, I wonder you havn't more spirit. How shamefully you've been neglected! Why, you couldn't have been treated worse at Rome; and, for that matter, you are in Rome, only you havn't the heart to say so. And then your Bishop of London—your Archbishop of Canterbury—have not so much power in the jurisdiction of their diocese as the Weigh House Bishop among his own flock; and yet he stands simply by personal

influence, and *you say you are backed by law*. And with you all things are a contradiction. Who is right—High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, or Puseyite? ‘You worship you know not what; we know what we worship.’ Of baptismal regeneration, a very necessary doctrine clearly to understand, you have one version in your noisy synagogue, but very different versions are given of it in the same parish, and your Establishment, poor old mother, can’t say which is right! And, by the proclamation of the Privy Council in the great Gorham case, one is declared correct, *and the exact opposite does not interfere with it!* Looking out, and listening to the uproar in your happy family, I have been reminded of a little morsel from an old pamphlet of our Weigh House Bishop, which may be interesting:—

“‘The reader may sometimes have observed in a lump of ice, feathers, bits of straw, pieces of earth, and fragments of crockery, all bound together, and kept together in one united mass, by a power distinct from that of natural affinity or attraction between the substances themselves. This (let him imagine other intrinsically valuable substances to be there, and the figure will be complete)—this is no bad emblem of the *kind* of union that exists in the Church, and the kind of freedom it enjoys from parties and heresies. Even when mechanically ONE, you can see something of the heterogeneous character of the substances that form the ‘united mass;’ but when the sun dissolves the force that unites them, the impossibility of their natural cohesion is evinced. So in the Establishment. There is much *now* to show to those who will either observe or reflect, what *that* is, whose oneness is so lauded; but, if anything were to dissolve the *force* by which its discordant parts are held in adhesion, it would then be seen of what contending materials it is composed, and how “contrary the one to the other” are many of those “ministers of Christ,” and “undoubted successors of the apostles,” at whose feet the writer now quoted sits so delightedly.’”*

The Reading-desk began to mutter something about “tradition of Church usages upheld by law:”—those old reading-desks will go on mutttering to any length. It was very incoherent, and the Weigh House Pulpit door creaked in token of impatience; and so, we believe, the little dispute closed.

If, in one word, we were to characterise Mr. Binney, we should speak of him as a thoroughly-furnished and strongly-built Nonconformist;—as we have said, a religious Nonconformist, rather than a political Dissenter. He has never, we believe, taken any part in political agitation. Very occasionally he has appeared on some platform to protest against some great Church-and-State outrage. Perhaps his happiest effort this way was his speech on Mr.

* “Two Letters of Fiat Justitia,” pp. 77, 78.

Shore's case; and his parody of Dr. Watts's well-known verse very well expresses all that he has attempted in this way to do:—

“The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their Bishops are,
And better know the Lord.”

Hence, in his speech and writings, he has waged unceasing warfare with the errors of the Church of England—especially its Popish errors of ritual and of rubric. He has ever been so free in his sentiments respecting Ecclesiology that, while he has received from his brethren every honour, they have not passed free from considerable stricture. Exceptions were taken to his “Letter to a Dissenter, who charged him with not going far enough,” especially in the pages of the *Congregational Magazine*,—and he does, perhaps, in many of his ecclesiastical principles, approach much more nearly to the Baxter type of Nonconformist,—perhaps would like to retain the freedom of the Church with the action of a very modified Presbyterianism. We do believe that his standpoint is not very well known by his brethren. We can even believe that he does not always clearly comprehend it himself. Mere Congregationalism evidently does not satisfy him. Only on one point does he appear to be clear: the whole action of the Establishment is absurd, un-Christian, and, to religion, fatal—lawyers rending the robe of Christian truth and doctrine—a decision in Doctors’ Commons, a decision by Law Lords, where even the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the land can give no vote nor lift up a voice—a Church whose sacred enclosures may be exposed to the unhallowed and unseemly mob—whose ministers can refuse the rite of burial even to the most holy and consistent Christian—whose truth is only tolerated as a nuisance (for this is the estimation in which the Low Church or Evangelical party is held), whose error is chartered and honoured. Anything is better than union with such an Establishment as this. Fraternity with its ministers can only be fraternity with *them* as Christians; it cannot be fraternity with the Establishment. These, we apprehend, would be the views of Mr. Binney: not that Congregationalism is ideal perfection. He says, indeed, “perhaps no system, as at present ministered, is exactly suited to the condition of the country:” still, this is more free from objection than any.

But certainly Mr. Binney is greatly inferior in his powers as a polemic to his place as a preacher. All his polemical pieces are fragmentary; there is a looseness which does not appear in his more finished pulpit performances. Even in his discourses, there is the unfinished attire, too. Having completed the

thought and the argument, he seems to disdain any attempt at finishing the language; and hence, when fairly at home, his mind and heart all alive, he is seen to most advantage in the pulpit. There he is wrought up and compelled to do something, till that which was commenced of necessity is finished of interest and love. When we have heard him there, we have wished he could, instead of tossing about the world his fly-sheets against ecclesiastical sins—instead of fixing his glasses and tubes from the crow's nest in St. Paul's*—or becoming a Junius beneath the Pseudonym of John Search—we have wished he could have spent his days in revolving those awful thoughts which charmed the solitude of Jonathan Edwards. But his life has been broken into pieces: he would not suffer in his life too great a continuity; and no doubt, with him, as with all, He who made him, and made him what he is, placed him in the world most conducive to his own activity and to his Maker's glory. The chief fault artistically of his books is that they want joints—this is the want of "Church Life in Australia." To be rugged is a pleasure to our writer; but this often made him to be misconceived: and yet he has a very plastic power—in speech can be very plastic as well as very rugged—but the obligation presses in speech which does not make itself felt in the press or the pen. In a word, he is not an artist: we ever see a man more attentive to the thought than to the setting of it. From this remark, indeed, we ought to except the "Service of Song"—a gem of composition—not only a poem, but many poems in one.

Pre-eminently beyond any other preacher of his age must Mr. Binney be spoken of as the preacher to the young, to the thoughtful and the earnest of the young—to young men and young women—in a word, to noble, earnest-hearted manhood. He evidently has more sympathy with mental than merely emotional sorrows; for sentimental sorrows he perhaps has no sympathy; for the seeming of suffering which so largely afflicts many Christian souls, and needs—as it is a seeming itself—the ministry and consolation which seems, he has no sympathy; all about him and about his words is thoroughly human and thoroughly real; in all he says he lives, and therefore he understands and speaks to living souls; thus no man has done more to bring to an end that sentimental style of talk which proffers consolations never felt, to souls by whom they are never needed. Nothing more prominently distinguishes the preaching of Mr. Binney than its humanness—its reality and truth. It is the case, no doubt, there are many states of mind and heart he has not known or felt; but we believe he has never attempted to speak to them.

* See the Great Gorham Case.

We have had repeated to us a tradition of our preacher. Called somewhere to address some students, a very demure and well-intentioned brother was fated to precede him. He divided his homily into two part—"And first," said he, "young men, remember that you are to be men of one book, the Bible; that is the book you have to read and expound, and you must know no other; and remember as you pass through great cities, pray 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;' let your eyes look straight on; the shops are nothing to you, their shows, their prices, and their gauds," &c., &c. When Mr. Binney rose, he said, he was "so unfortunate as to have to give to them advice exactly opposite to that they had just heard; hence he said, although the reading of other men may be slight, for amusement, or professional, you must read everything. Look at all books—bad books, that, if necessary, you may brand them, or point the bad page to the readers of them—good books, that you may commend them; then, as you walk through the streets, having prayed in the study, keep your eyes open there; look at all things—prices and people—how they buy and how they sell—the sellers and the purchasers—the hours of labour and the hours of rest; try to look at all—try to know the whole tariff of trade, and do not be afraid to find in it all matter for your sermons. You are teachers! Commend 'yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' Know then the world's thoughts and the world's ways, that you may be the world's masters and ministers." These words must have greatly astonished the first tedious brother, but how much more human and good.

It is said when St. Francis entered a town to preach, all the clergy went forth to meet him, accompanied by the youth, the women, and the children, waving their branches of greeting triumphantly before him. The preaching of the minister of the Weigh House would never awaken any such homage; but then St. Francis spoke to a larger congregation, as when he began his great sermon in the square in Spoleto with the words "*Angeli, homines, Dæmones;*" the preacher who omits all apostrophe to the angels and devils, and contents himself with talking to men, he cannot expect so mighty a mustering. Much more after the order of homage accorded to Mr. Binney, was that paid to St. Jerome when he preached in Padua and Milan, and other cities, the doctors and masters ceased their lectures, saying to their scholars,—“Go, hear the preacher of the best sentences and the worst rhetoric; gather the fruit, and neglect the leaves;” and that is a better compliment than to say, “Go, and hear what a rustling there is among the leaves, and as to the fruit, if there be any, try to get it.”

For to Mr. Binney's style we may apply a remark by way of

characterization he has himself used in prefacing one of his discourses :—"It is of that rough, rude order—that artificial and somewhat exaggerated sort of utterance, which *I designedly adopt* when writing what is to be read to a mixed multitude." Artificial, in the ordinary sense of the word, his style can never be said to be, only in the fact of a conscious usage of forms of expression which it is well known will strike and tell. It is often the case that a man describing a style of thought or argument, describes his own ; this, too, he has done when he says,—“An illustration is not a mere prettiness—an ornamental phrase that might be left out without detriment to the train of thought—it is something which really *lights up* that train of thought, and enables the reader or hearer to *see* the aim as well as feel the force of the logic, when the understanding having done its work, passion and genius shall crown the whole with some vivid illustration, which shall make it stand out with a distinctness that shall never be forgotten ! *It is one great faculty of the mind, holding up a lighted torch to the workmanship of another.*” This is a very fair description of all the greater efforts of our writer, and of his usual style in the pulpit. It is a rare thing indeed to find in union such a force of thought, so wholly free from dialectic bands, and winged by so much passion, yet with no action, ever breaking against *the calm* and dignity of the lofty purpose ; there are no prettinesses in the style—no elegant tropology, or fancy dandyisms of dress and adornment. Everything there seems necessary—passion and thought hold each other in check, and so produce a truly admirable unity ; hence thought never seems cold, because it is winged by genius, and the genius is never undisciplined or wild, because it is compelled to keep the pace of the more serious and orderly thought.

This orderly procession of thought leading on and up the attendant train of all the faculties, is the great charm of the preaching of Thomas Binney, and it may be said he is only happy when he sees clearly ; and happy are those moments to the hearers, too, when the understanding and the emotions are in *rapport*. The reason at any time any speech is ineffective upon the hearers, is because either the statement is not clearly seen or clearly felt—with Mr. Binney, eminently, not to see clearly is to be unhappy in ministration. But all speakers who speak not merely words of rote, must well know that state in which the mind is pursuing its way in public, attempting to set forth thoughts perhaps rather pondered than either perceived or felt ; the mind arrives at a certain stage of its journey, where it drops the spark which sets fire to the concealed, the hitherto unknown wealth—there are juices and spices for the incense—there is fuel for the flame, there is oil for

the lamp. Admirably has Mr. Binney himself described this state when he speaks of ministers "who are never visited by gushes of light irradiating the word—never filled with emotions of solemn rapture from the vivid impressions and enjoyment of its truths." The argument is in a blaze, and this is indeed the value of preparation, clear, long, and earnest, for the pulpit, or for the great occasion; then if the mind is free, or capable of freedom, and the self-possession of the soul be equal to its instincts, then the notes and papers all discarded, or only in brief prompting hints before the eye—then when long preparation has toned down all the superfluous and meretricious adornments, or appendages of the subject, then how sublime is the power! Of course the free mind, the heart that lives its teachings and its uttered impulses, to whom it is impossible to preach traditions, must often fail—fail perhaps beneath the very weight of "the burden of the Word of the Lord." But even in the failure of such souls there is the sign of that which is greater than the finest successes of other men; even as when Robert Hall broke down in the pulpit in his first efforts, his failure sent old Dr. Ryland to his knees in prayer, that so promising a spirit might be kept for the Church.

We remember to have heard of the subject of our sketch, that he had engaged to preach on some very special occasion, in one of the great towns of the north. He went to the house of his host, and having continued with the family till they were retiring to rest, he then intimated a wish to be shown into the kitchen, and left alone with the fire, a Bible, and tobacco; and in the morning he would speak to no one, but would breakfast by himself; and at the chapel—it was a morning service—he would speak to no one, but went straightforward to the pulpit: and that sermon is described, by very competent judges, as at once one of the most commanding and electrical of his efforts. Sometimes on such occasions his sermons are very long—two hours in length—but thus sacredly and seriously prepared; the order of the thought established in the mind, and the emotions felt, but held in leash, ready for the spring. Surely this gives some conception of the way in which men may preach; and while there is, perhaps, no necessity that this should be the ordinary process of preparation, yet men who have really been prophets, and have had communion with souls, have usually prepared thus; and thus men must prepare if they would have their preaching to become a power. Hence, although Mr. Binney's books are mostly small, they are thought books. A sermon is sometimes a closely compacted compendium of the process of thought, and the delineation of truth on the subject of which he treats. Far from being mere sermons in the ordinary sense, that is, a slight, sketchy illus-

tration of a text, they often, like the Sermons of Barrow, exhaust a subject, thus—"The Law our Schoolmaster," thus "Salvation by Fire and Fullness," thus "Life and Immortality brought to Light;" each is an edifice of Christian theology. But Mr. Binney rears for himself; scholastic, scientific theology is unknown here; the preacher's soul, the Bible, and the Spirit, build together and alone.

And here, perhaps, we may lay down our pen for a few moments, and indulge our readers and ourselves with two or three illustrative readings of those moods of power to which we have referred. Our first reading is a fine refutation of the theory of the mythical origin of Christianity. We may take this as a fair illustration of Mr. Binney's *argumentative and philosophical method* in the pulpit:—*

"The hypothesis is something of this sort:—The writings of the Old and New Testaments are the utterance and embodiment of the inner subjective life of the Hebrew race. Thus and thus was it, as these books in their own style relate, that the great mystery of the universe shaped itself to their conceptions. Thus and thus they thought about the visible and the invisible, the heavens and the earth, God and man, the infinite and eternal, duty and sin, guilt and forgiveness. Throwing their internal impressions into the form of a splendid ritualism, and associating this with rude myths of flaming mount and supernatural voices that gave to it a Divine origin and descent—thus and thus it was, that this singular people at once made palpable to themselves, by visible objects, their subjective ideas of spiritual truth, and indicated the profound earnestness of their souls by their full persuasion of heavenly guidance. At a subsequent period, stimulated by the recent appearance and extraordinary character of an illustrious individual—to many of his contemporaries a great prophet—to even modern unbelievers a person singularly gifted and singularly virtuous—the best if not the wisest of men—thus and thus it was, in the second portion of their writings that this same people, or large portions of them, with certain powerful minds as their leaders, threw *their* strong subjective conceptions of spiritual truth into the supposed facts of the history of Jesus, and the Christian interpretation of the Jewish ritual—an interpretation which attributed to it a previously prophetic design, and superseded it by an asserted supernatural fulfilment. The impression of the greatness, and the memory of the transcendent virtue, of Jesus, so deepened and grew in the minds of his contemporaries, and of those who were immediately affected by them, that there came at last to be no adequate mode in which this deep feeling, and these sacred and reverential memories, could be bodied forth, but in an imaginary miraculous record of his life—in something

* "The Law Our Schoolmaster," pp. 151-160.

superhuman being associated with his person—and in the extraordinary notion of his having in some way given a reality to the spiritual idea of the old law. * * * Without dwelling on the extreme improbability of this—this making into honest and truthful men, persons, by no means fools, who *professed* to record actual miracles, and *pretended* to direct intercourse with heaven—without dwelling upon this, let us allow for a moment the hypothesis referred to—let us accept it as the solution of the facts—and then notice, briefly, one or two of the things that would seem to result from it. In the first place, it must certainly be conceded that, taking all the facts—the way in which the several pieces constituting what we called the Bible was composed—the sort of book they make when put together—the connection between the two series of writings, and the two supposed religious dispensations—taking these and kindred things, and looking fairly and honestly at them, it must certainly be conceded that anything parallel to such facts is not to be met with in the history of the world. True or false, the Jewish and Christian religions are the most wonderful things of which there is any account in the records of the race. What an extraordinary people that Hebrew people must have been, who in the wilderness commenced, and in subsequent ages perfected, a ritual system embodying in its significance some of the profoundest truths afterwards to be demonstrated by logicians and philosophers—and who did this by no Divine or supernatural assistance, but simply from the impulses of their own inward religious life, which struggled to express itself, and which found utterance in this way! How wonderful that this rude people should go on, perfecting their ideas and multiplying their myths, till they took a new form in the history of Jesus, and in the spiritual or transcendental interpretation of the old ritual system which that introduced! What a marvel it is, too, that the whole thing should have been so constructed, and so carried out, as to seize on the human mind *beyond* Judea—to subdue the most cultivated portions of the human race—to supersede all other myths, theologies, and philosophies, with which it came in contact—and to be spreading in the world, as a regal power to the present day! But, while this general fact is a presumption of something singularly powerful in the genius of the Hebrew people, it should be next noticed, that the extraordinary nature of the Christian interpretation of the Hebrew ritual, is itself worthy of specific remark. The idea of taking the tabernacle, or temple, the altar and priesthood, with all the accessories of the ritual service, and giving them a significance—finding for them a design and a reality, that should at once fill the earth and reach up to heaven!—think of *that*. After the prophecies, or supposed prophecies, which for ages had stirred the national heart, filling it with splendid anticipations of a regal and conquering Messiah;—after he was supposed to have come, and then to have departed, and to have so departed as to have disappointed the hopes cherished to the last by his immediate followers;—after this, what an idea it was, to turn the

very fact which shattered their expectations into a fulcrum on which to fix an engine that should move the world! What an intrepid and sublime *daring* there is in the thought of Messiah the Priest being placed in the foreground of Messiah the King!—the wide earth the place of sacrifice, the cross of ignominy the altar of propitiation, the upper world the holy of holies—the way into it being opened and sanctified by the resuscitated Redeemer, who passes through the veil of the visible heavens, as into the interior of a temple, ‘there to appear in the presence of God for us,’—for *us*, for humanity, and for the accomplishment of those spiritual objects which humanity spiritually needs! However the truth of all this, objectively considered, may be denied; the whole thing rejected as fanciful—as being nothing more than the imaginative forms in which strongly-excited and fervid minds threw their conceptions of spiritual things, from their inability to find for them fit expression and adequate embodiment in mere language;—however this may be, it must certainly be admitted that there is a stupendousness about the theory—a magnitude and a magnificence, that should lead to the recognition of it as of something to be classed with the creations of genius! * * * We shall have a miracle of human genius, instead of one of Divine power;—a prodigy of earth and nature, instead of an actual ‘sign from heaven!’ All things considered, it will be found, I suspect, that to admit the Divine origin of our religion, makes a much smaller demand on our credulity, than to accept the hypothesis for accounting for its existence suggested by philosophic naturalism. Waiving, for the moment, higher motives, we might say, That as men, we are believers for the credit of our understanding; as, if we were Jews, we should be disposed to become believers for the credit of our ancient faith.”

We select another citation from Mr. Binney’s more *practical* and *devotional method*. In the following extract he is speaking of ministers who do not spiritually succeed because they do not add eminent piety to eminent attainments and endowments. The extract, we may remind our readers, is from the celebrated sermon entitled “The Closet and the Church,” preached before the Congregational Union of Ministers, from the text, “The pastors have become brutish, and have not sought the Lord; therefore they shall not prosper, and all their flocks shall be scattered.”

“Whatever their denomination, they are to be supposed to have ‘entered by their respective doors into the sheep-fold,’ and not to have ‘climbed up over the wall,’ or to have forced admission in any other way. Nor, again, is it to be supposed that they are destitute either of natural gifts or acquired ability. Their powers may be great, vigorous, and varied. These powers may have been duly trained by academical discipline, enriched by science, purified by taste, brought into contact with all knowledge, and then concentrated on subjects of sacred lore. The men may be distinguished by lofty

superhuman being associated with his person—and in the extraordinary notion of his having in some way given a reality to the spiritual idea of the old law. * * * Without dwelling on the extreme improbability of this—this making into honest and truthful men, persons, by no means fools, who *professed* to record actual miracles, and *pretended* to direct intercourse with heaven—without dwelling upon this, let us allow for a moment the hypothesis referred to—let us accept it as the solution of the facts—and then notice, briefly, one or two of the things that would seem to result from it. In the first place, it must certainly be conceded that, taking all the facts—the way in which the several pieces constituting what we called the Bible was composed—the sort of book they make when put together—the connection between the two series of writings, and the two supposed religious dispensations—taking these and kindred things, and looking fairly and honestly at them, it must certainly be conceded that anything parallel to such facts is not to be met with in the history of the world. True or false, the Jewish and Christian religions are the most wonderful things of which there is any account in the records of the race. What an extraordinary people that Hebrew people must have been, who in the wilderness commenced, and in subsequent ages perfected, a ritual system embodying in its significance some of the profoundest truths afterwards to be demonstrated by logicians and philosophers—and who did this by no Divine or supernatural assistance, but simply from the impulses of their own inward religious life, which struggled to express itself, and which found utterance in this way! How wonderful that this rude people should go on, perfecting their ideas and multiplying their myths, till they took a new form in the history of Jesus, and in the spiritual or transcendental interpretation of the old ritual system which that introduced! What a marvel it is, too, that the whole thing should have been so constructed, and so carried out, as to seize on the human mind *beyond* Judea—to subdue the most cultivated portions of the human race—to supersede all other myths, theologies, and philosophies, with which it came in contact—and to be spreading in the world, as a regal power to the present day! But, while this general fact is a presumption of something singularly powerful in the genius of the Hebrew people, it should be next noticed, that the extraordinary nature of the Christian interpretation of the Hebrew ritual, is itself worthy of specific remark. The idea of taking the tabernacle, or temple, the altar and priesthood, with all the accessories of the ritual service, and giving them a significance—finding for them a design and a reality, that should at once fill the earth and reach up to heaven!—think of *that*. After the prophecies, or supposed prophecies, which for ages had stirred the national heart, filling it with splendid anticipations of a regal and conquering Messiah;—after he was supposed to have come, and then to have departed, and to have so departed as to have disappointed the hopes cherished to the last by his immediate followers;—after this, what an idea it was, to turn the

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We select another citation from Mr. Binney’s more *practical* and *devotional method*. In the following extract he is speaking of ministers who do not spiritually succeed because they do not add eminent piety to eminent attainments and endowments. The extract, we may remind our readers, is from the celebrated sermon entitled “The Closet and the Church,” preached before the Congregational Union of Ministers, from the text, “The pastors have become brutish, and have not sought the Lord; therefore they shall not prosper, and all their flocks shall be scattered.”

“Whatever their denomination, they are to be supposed to have ‘entered by their respective doors into the sheep-fold,’ and not to have ‘climbed up over the wall,’ or to have forced admission in any other way. Nor, again, is it to be supposed that they are destitute either of natural gifts or acquired ability. Their powers may be great, vigorous, and varied. These powers may have been duly trained by academical discipline, enriched by science, purified by taste, brought into contact with all knowledge, and then concentrated on subjects of sacred lore. The men may be distinguished by lofty

thought, logical acuteness, ready utterance, force of words ; with minds as fertile in the lights and illustrations which the imagination supplies, as opulent in the materials of instructive discourse. Farther : it is not to be supposed that their manner in worship is careless or irreverent ; or their instructions crude, vapid, repulsive, or destitute of laborious intellectual preparation : it may even be imagined that they strictly adhere to the gravity and decorum of sacred things, and never advance what has not been somewhat carefully reviewed. It is not to be supposed that they deny the truth, and inculcate dangerous and deadly error. Their customary topics may be *substantially* evangelical, or at least consistent with the verities of Scripture. It need not even be supposed that they are wanting in fervour, variety, or impressiveness. They may have much of the artillery of eloquence at their command ;—may be ‘sons of thunder,’ striking to the depths of the conscience and the heart ; or they may speak in the ‘still small voice,’ with the words of love and the accents of tenderness, so that their speech ‘shall drop like the rain, and distil as the dew.’ Nor, lastly, are they to be conceived as chargeable with any gross immorality of behaviour. Their lives are not to be supposed vicious, nor their consciences burdened with great guilt ;—their characters are free from the suspicion of any flagrant impropriety, and their conduct, on the whole, in all outward and visible things, equal to the demands of society respecting them. In spite, however, of all that we have enumerated ;—in spite of personal ability, official order, pulpit accomplishments, grave and decorous *public* devotion, force of utterance, animated feeling, scriptural topics, moral worth ;—in spite of these and of other excellencies, there is one evil in the habits of these men, which, hidden as it is from the human eye, is real and deadly, and eats ‘as doth a canker’ into all they utter and all they do. *They* ‘do not prosper,’ and their flocks are ‘scattered,’—for they have become ‘brutish,’ and ‘have not sought the Lord.’

“ This, then, is the defect that poisons everything ;—they are not men of *frequent, earnest, private devotion*. They have great abilities, —*but they do not pray*. They are ministers of Christ, according to outward order, —*but they do not pray*. They are good, and, perhaps, even great preachers, —*but they do not pray*. They are fervent, pungent, persuasive, convincing —*but they do not pray*. They may be zealous and enterprising, —leaders in the movements of public activity, —the first and foremost in popular excitement, —frequent in their appeals, —abundant in their labours, —working zealously in various modes and in divers places, —*but they do not pray*. They are men of integrity, purity, benevolence, —*but they do not pray*. And THIS ONE THING—their ‘restraining prayer,’—their not ‘calling upon God,’—their ‘not seeking after’ nor ‘stirring up themselves to take hold of’ Him,—this, like the want of love in the Christian character, ‘stains the glory’ of everything else ;—it renders worthless their genius, talents, and acquisitions ; obstructs their own spiritual prosperity ; impedes their usefulness and blasts their success. Though

a minister were an apostle, *and did not pray*, his 'speech and his preaching' would *not* be 'with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' 'Though he had the gift of prophecy, and understood all mysteries and all knowledge; and though he had faith that could remove mountains,' *and did not pray*, 'he would be nothing.' 'Though he gave all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burnt,' *and did not pray*, 'it would profit him nothing.' 'Though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels,' *and did not pray*, he would be but 'as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.' He might be 'like unto one that hath a pleasant voice, and a lovely song, and that plays well upon an instrument;' but the music of the lip and the hand only, will never charm away the evil spirit from Saul; nor can it have in it that divine and life-giving harmony which 'of stones can raise up children unto Abraham.' " *

And, at the risk of quoting too freely, we must present our readers with the comprehensive and glowing delineation of the Psalms of David in "The Service of Song":—

"The songs of Solomon were a thousand and five. But how shall we describe those of the PSALMS? Than Solomon's fewer in number, but of higher inspiration and richer thought. As to their *form*, they include all varieties of lyric composition; they are of every character as to the nature of their subjects, and of all shades and colours of poetic feeling: but as to their *essence*, they are as a Light from heaven or an Oracle from the sanctuary:—they discover secrets. Divine and human;—they lay open the Holy of Holies of both God and man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the One is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the mysteries, the record of the struggles, the wailing when worsted, the pæans when triumphant, of that life. They are the thousand-voiced heart of the Church, uttering from within, from the secret depths and chambers of her being, her spiritual consciousness—all that she remembers, experiences, believes; suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succour, and hopes from God and His Christ. They are for all time. They never can be outgrown. No Dispensation, while the world stands, and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or the need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude, they speak to all classes of minds, they command every natural emotion. They are penitential, jubilant, adorative, deprecatory;—they are tender, mournful, joyous, majestic;—soft as the descent of dew; low as the whisper of love; loud as the voice of thunder; terrible as the Almighty of God! The effect of some of them in the temple service must have been immense. Sung by numbers carefully 'instructed,' and accompanied by those who could play 'skilfully;' arranged in parts, for 'courses' and individuals,

* Four Discourses—"The Closet and the Church," p. 29-35.

who answered each other in alternate verse ;—various voices, single or combined, being ‘lifted up,’ sometimes in specific and *personal* expression, as the high service deepened and advanced,—priests, Levites, the monarch, the multitude,—there would be every variety of ‘pleasant movement,’ and all the forms and forces of sound,—personal recitative ; individual song ; dual and semi-choral antiphonal response ; burst and swell of voice and instruments ; attenuated cadence ; apostrophe and repeat ; united, full, harmonious combinations. With such a service, and such psalms, it was natural that the Hebrews should love with enthusiasm, and learn with delight, their national anthems, songs, and melodies ; nor is it surprising that they were known among the Heathen as a people possessed of these treasures of verse, and devoted to their recitation by tongue and harp. Hence it was that their enemies required of them (whether in seriousness or derision it matters not) ‘*the words of a song,*’ and said, ‘Sing us one of the songs of Zion.’”

It is, we presume, an incontestable fact that genius of the highest order seldom finds its way into the pulpit ; it is true now, as ever, that still “the foolishness of men” is the channel for “the wisdom of God.” In the world without the Church there are so many sources of fame and emolument—

“Man may range
The Court, the camp, the vessel, and the mart,—
Sword, gown, gain, glory : offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these will not estrange.
Man has all these resources,”

and none of them point especially to the Pulpit at all, and certainly not to the Dissenting Pulpit. The Pulpit of the Church of England has ever been, but for its friction against Dissenting power, notoriously feeble in comparison with its great power in the cloister and the press. With a few fine exceptions, the great men of the Church of England seem to lay aside all the peculiar attributes of their genius as they enter the pulpit. We admit there are exceptions ; but considering that the Church exists to teach, how very few the exceptions are. And it must be further said that a certain restrictiveness has done much to keep down the freedom of soul, which is the inborn heritage of genius. We believe that in very rare instances only will genius succeed in the Pulpit, perhaps never in the smaller country town ; there is more hope for it even in the small country village, where departure from an established and conventional order of expression is regarded with more charity and toleration. Usually, in the small town, the people require a solemn homage to ancient platitudes ; and eschew all new experiences ; and suspect the very soundness of the faith if it is proved by an argument too original or daring in its

colours or texture. Hence it has come to pass, that many people, cultured people, suppose that genius has no home in the Pulpit, and some that it has no business there. And yet, how rich in all that belongs to the highest moods of the human soul is the Pulpit literature of our land. Surely, the man who should closely look through its lore would find no lack of the purest gold; if in its pages could not be found the undisciplined fancy of the master of fiction (though even this questionable faculty is not wanting), here are the noblest tones of poetry, the most subtle and profound touches of feeling; the most intimate acquaintance with the ways and workings of the human mind and heart, here stand in the Pulpit library; the words of the masters of sentences; the words of the wise; here are the ornate, and the more stately and cold; the monarchs of parable and illustration—and those who follow the lofty and consecutive chain of thought to its wondrous and unexpected close; and if the Pulpit literature of the present age does not equal that of the past it is not wanting, some recent additions giving to us great hopes for the future.

To the order of men of genius eminently does Mr. Binney belong. In his sermons, there is nothing florid, finicking, or fine; nothing merely said to finish a period, or to give a glitter to a paragraph. On the contrary, there is nothing cold; there is great idiomatic strength, frequently in his preaching there is great terseness; but in the written sermon this yields to argument and to the sustained and resolute conception of the topic.

The author of the "Lamps of the Temple" has introduced into his sketch of the subject of these remarks many illustrations of his combined humanity and humour. He has offered, also, an apology for the introduction of humour into the Pulpit; and in this particular has placed Mr. Binney by the side of some eminent and illustrious names, especially Latimer and South. We have no need, therefore, to enlarge here by way of defence; and perhaps in the course of a few numbers we may present our own thoughts to our readers on the use and abuse of humour in the pulpit. Here it may be sufficient to say, that Mr. Binney uses humour and wit; he does not abuse them. In his printed discourses it is not to be expected that many of those raucous words will be found which at once relieved the discourse and lightened the argument, and perhaps wakened up some drowsy auditor; but in his printed discourses there are many of those human touches which can only proceed from the humorous pencil, for human and humour are one. Thus he describes the mere popular preacher as "a strolling star tempting benevolence with a promise of pleasure." (It would be well if many Churches would bear in mind the characterization.) Our readers will remember his happy delineation

tion of David—a perfect picture to the hearer's eye through the ear :

“The shepherd boy was bold and brave, manly and magnanimous, and had in him, from the first, the slumbering elements of a hero and a king. His harp was the companion of his early prime. Its first inspirations were caught from the music of brooks and groves, as he lay on the verdant and breathing earth, was smiled on through the day by the bright sky, or watched at night by the glowing stars. Even then, probably, he had mysterious minglings of the Divine Spirit with the impulses of his own ; was conscious of cogitations with which none could intermeddle, which would make him at times solitary among numbers, and which were the prelude and prophecy of his future greatness. He became a soldier before he was twenty. Ten years afterwards he was king by the suffrages of his own tribe. During most of the interval, his life was of a nature seriously to peril his habits and principles. He was obliged to use rude, lawless, and uncongenial agents. He had to live precariously by gifts or spoil. ‘He was hunted like a partridge on the mountains.’ By day providing for sustenance or safety, and sleeping by night in cave or rock, field or forest. *And yet this man—in the heat of youth, with a brigand's reputation and a soldier's license—watched carefully his inner-self ; learned from it as a pupil, and yet ruled it as a king—and found for it congenial employment in the composition of some of the most striking of his psalms.* When his companions in arms were carousing or asleep, he sat by his lamp in some still retreat, or ‘considered the heavens’ as they spread above him, or meditated on the law, or engaged in prayer, or held intimate communion with God, and composed and wrote (though he thought not so) what shall sound in the church, and echo through the world, to all time !”

But especially we love those pictures in which the humanizing power of the preacher is seen shedding over his subject a pathos and a beautiful tenderness as melting as it was unsuspected. Who can forget that vivid picture of the Catholic girl's “Salvation by Fire.”

“Look at that poor Catholic girl, there ;—doing her penance, and counting her beads ; repeating her ‘aves,’ and saying her ‘pater-nosters ;’ lighting a candle to this saint, or carrying her votive offering to another ; wending her way in the dark, wet morning to early mass ; conscientiously abstaining from flesh on a Friday ; or shutting herself up in conventual sanctity, devoting her life to joyless solitude and bodily mortifications ! She is imagining, perhaps, that she is piling up by all this a vast fabric of meritorious deeds, or at least of acceptable Christian virtue. She may expect on account of it to hear from the lips of her heavenly Bridegroom, ‘Well done, good and faithful’ one ;—‘enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ ‘Thou shalt walk with me in white, for thou art worthy.’ We, however, believe that ‘she labours in vain, and spends her

strength for nought ;' that she is building with 'wood, hay, and stubble ;' and that the first beam of the light of eternity will set fire to her worthless structure, and reduce to ashes the labours and sacrifices of her whole life ! Be it so. Her '*work* may be burnt ;' she may '*suffer loss* ;' but *she herself* may be mercifully '*saved*.' In the midst of all that mistaken devotedness to the gathering and amassing of mere lumber as materials for building up a divine life, even in connection with the strange fire of an erring devotion flaming up towards saints and Madonnas, there may be in her soul a central trust in the sacrifice and intercession of the '*one Mediator*,' which shall secure the salvation of the superstitious devotee, at the very moment that she witnesses the destruction of her works. The illustration is an extreme one. I purposely select it because it is so. The greater includes the less."

And more important by far, than the defences in which he engaged for the outworks of Nonconformity, we reckon to be the impulse he gave to a higher strain of devotion within the churches of the Denomination. It is a wonderful thing that the relation of the Minister to the "Service of Song in the House of the Lord" should ever have been broken. Yet nothing is more certain than the fact, that for generations the minister handed over this as a part of the worship in which he had but little concern ; and, in many instances, he principally exercised his influence only to repress all efforts which might be made to restore to the Service harmony and beauty. Very industrious even the energies put forward for a long time for the suppression of all taste and art ; and, inasmuch as Romanism had made beautiful things to be an abomination in religious service, it was thought that a barn-like architecture, and a music where all chords were only used for discordance, were most fitted for the production of Divine impressions. This had long been felt by the churches. The value of the great central man of action is, that he had power and genius to interpret a popular sentiment and to supply a want. This Mr. Binney did. "The Service of Song in the House of the Lord" was greatly instrumental in awakening a new feeling throughout the Denomination, and in creating in our midst a sublimed Psalmody. The Prayers of Mr. Binney, too, introduced another element. Too frequently prayer had degenerated into mere confessions of faith—the mere answers to a catechism—statements of a creed. Perhaps the perfection of Prayer would be the preservation of the spirit of the Liturgy, without the form, combining the special prayer of the hallowed Christian heart, and the wail of man as a creature. Prayer is of a region above criticism—almost above remark. Perhaps the only thing we should permit ourselves to say is : "Did not our hearts burn within us ?"—and, in a very eminent degree,

both by his personal power of prayer and by his general aid to the great work of the sanctuary devotion, Mr. Binney has aided the Divine services of his Denomination.

Surely the preparation of this paper has been to us a very delightful task. Would that we could think its perusal as delightful a task to the reader! We have been carried back to many an old scene in the Weigh House, beginning with our experience nearly a quarter of a century back. Thither we often went on a Sabbath evening. Our dear old pastor often condemned our "gadding," and we are not about to defend the practice. Well, for our punishment, we were usually compelled to stand through the service. But what a delightful service it was! The singing always hearty and strong, but profoundly devotional and clear; the minister standing there tall, still, collected, and announcing the hymn. Then the prayer, always so fresh, and hallowing, and real; then the sermon, in which somehow everybody felt as if the preacher were talking with him. Preaching of all kinds and styles, but always new, always fresh, to a young mind. What scenes we have beheld there! Sometimes the preacher, standing in perfect, cool, supreme command, holding all the hearts of the audience in his hand, and doing what he would with their tears. Such was his sermon for Robert M'Kenzie, the co-pastor of Dr. Wardlaw, lost in the wreck of the *Pegasus*. Always all along the preaching was heard—

"The still, sad music of humanity."

Scarcely ever did the preacher dilate on Nature, or any of her majestics; his landscapes were always the heights and depths of human souls, or the solemn mountain passes and peaks of abstract thoughts upon the gloomy questions of human history. Sometimes the sermon was "one perfect chrysolyte" of pure abstract thought, very variously impressing the hearers; sometimes a spirit floating in an ether of its own world; and sometimes, like a spent swimmer, toiling, raftless and buoyless, over and through a difficult sea. At a later period, we heard many of the Lectures on Proverbs; truth to say, too, we have beheld scenes of strange humour flowing over that great assembly; but look whichever way we will, we are compelled to see that tall, commanding figure slowly shaking himself into action, as a lion might shake the dew-drops and the sleep from his mane, after a night in the cave; the hand slowly passing through the hair on one side of the head; the speech, now a little more rapid, so rapid that the speaker saves himself from stumbling by picking up the last word, pronouncing it again, and making it the starting point of a new

sentence; then the sentence, or the division, completed; and the heaving of a long sigh, audible over the whole chapel, and a feeling of indeterminateness from the speaker passing to the hearer; then some broken words, a careless use of the left hand, and the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, engaged as if the preacher, instead of standing in the pulpit, were standing in the compositors' room, throwing type into "pie." Then, perhaps, some dark question casts a strange shadow across his thought. For instance—"Could God by power destroy sin? Could He by a physical act annihilate it? Could He make a seraph out of a Tiberias or a Borgia, each retaining his memory and consciousness, as He can make an angel or an archangel out of nothing?"* And now the wheel is in motion; and words come, blow after blow; and the preacher, as he advances to the close, puts his hand through the centric shock of his, in those days, carelessly worn but beautiful glossy hair; and soon, with a cogent appeal to practical thought—the end. Well, "the words of the wise are as nails;" they are also as "rivers of water in a dry place;" and the reader will believe that those scenes stand out in the memory for the life they communicated. The memory of some of those tones is thrilling yet; the first surprise of some sudden turn of thought comes upon us now; we are again one of that vast congregation of young men—the first, perhaps, of that kind ever seen in London; we feel again, as then we felt, the honour of being born for manhood—born to life in a hard, struggling, much-enduring world. Certainly, in the days of youth, our first wider conceptions of the reality and nobleness of life were given to us by Thomas Binney.

In closing this feeble sketch, may we not venture to express a hope that we may yet see two things: first, before Mr. Binney leaves us—and may that event be very, very distant—more than one volume of sermons from the many he must have in his study; and, second, a uniform and complete edition of all those already in print, or out of print?

* "Life and Immortality brought to Light through the Gospel," see p. 40.

II.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF ENGLISH WORDS.*

WE introduce, by this article, to the notice of our readers two little books, each in its way admirable, and each widely different from the other. Mr. Farrar's Essay is the work of a scholar thoroughly furnished—not only from the world of books, but by a power happily and harmoniously to generalise the results of varied reading. To those who have made themselves familiar with the somewhat extensive and heavy literature of philology, in the writings of Bunsen, Bopp, Grimm, Pictet, Garnett, and Latham, the book will, perhaps, present nothing new; but, even to such, it must be interesting: to those, on the contrary, who have no time for such elaborate study of those profound speculations, we may commend Mr. Farrar's volume. He conducts the reader by many a river of speech to the great mysterious ocean beyond, in delightful talk and suggestion, not unfitted for an evening's refreshment after a hard day's toil in the counting-house. The purpose of Mr. Swinton's book (an American re-print, by our enterprising English publishers) is very different. It is an addition, and a very pleasant one, to the many popular volumes upon English etymology. It is a thoughtful and very entertaining compilation; the reading, if it has not the merit of being rare or scholarly, is various, and sufficient for the intention of the book; and, while from many of Mr. Swinton's etymologies we are compelled widely to differ, and should most likely be utterly at issue with him in the position he would assign to Horne Tooke in the modern science of philology, we must speak of his volume as a very pleasant companion to the delightful little volumes of Dean Trench. Obviously, very much more may be said than Mr. Swinton has introduced into his compilation; and we may premise at the outset, that, for the remarks of the following paper, we are not indebted to the book of Mr. Swinton, or Dean Trench, while we gladly acknowledge the pleasure their perusal has afforded us.

Rambling among English words, is like wandering among the ancient ecclesiastical shrines and baronial edifices of our land; it is like a pilgrimage to the stones and marbles of Westminster, or

* 1. An Essay on the Origin of Language, based on Modern Researches, and especially on the works of M. Renan. By Frederick W. Farrar, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John Murray. 1860.

2. Rambles among Words: their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By William Swinton. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co. 1861.

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Exeter, or Winchester, or Ely, or Lincoln, or York, or Gloucester. Here is a venerable spot, yonder a memorable tomb; in this place a curious brass, and in yonder chancel a rich pillar; in yonder aisle a rich and wondrous window. We linger to notice the deep groining of the Saxon arch, or admire the grandeur of those massive pillars, or pass on to the lighter Norman columns leaping around us. How interesting to observe where first the heavy and antique window yields to the lightness of the lancet-shape: and the stern grace of the early Gothic at last merges in the ornamented and foliated Tudoresque, the Corinthian of our Gothic style. Even so, while we read, as pedestrians, the achievements of our nation in stone,—in our study, we are carried along to mark the same changes and variations in language and literature.

It is as if we stood on Salisbury Plain, and beheld, not Stonehenge alone, but around us all the vast buildings reared there, through the long ages of England. There is first, Stonehenge, which may stand as the type of the rude and bold *Celtic mind*. Those stones, defying tempest and time, are like the language of that age; the words few and rude, but strong, imaginative, expressive; the language of a most primeval people, guttural and harsh, but amazingly sympathetic with the sobbings of nature in her pathetic, and the scream of nature in her tragic moods.

On the same Plain, you have the halls of Conigsburgh, and the aisles of Gloucester. The emblems of the simple, and more humane Saxon mind; a mind, in which the amplitude of the detail, and the variety of the form, never obscured the perfect individuality of every part: a most simple mind, full of fancy and of contemplation, breathing into its language, even as it breathed into its buildings, the minglings of the poetry of the forest and the sea—appropriate building and language for the Forest-lords and the Sea-kings.

Looking again on the same Plain, the strongholds and keeps of Arundel, Berkeley, and Warwickshire rise to the eye. And, still further down in the gallery of ages, Tintern, and Fountains, and Furness; marking the period when grace and strength were growing side by side, and the Norman energy and politeness were rounding the more naked simplicity of the Saxon. Nor is the picture called up to the fancy so arbitrary as, at first, it seems: there is a real connection between a nation's achievements in language and in stone. *Buildings are words, too.* They embody and give reality to the more ethereal and apparently transitory developments of thought, "rendering," as Mr. Swinton quotes from Zoroaster—"rendering apparent the images of unapparent natures, and inscribing the unapparent in the apparent frame of the world." And hence, we might linger still on the Salisbury Plain

of our literature, to notice how St. Paul's Cathedral—that beautiful exotic—was reared also, when the mind of our country began to forsake the cardinal forms of our Saxon literature, and our simpler language, and to pour along our pages and our speech the words of Greece and Rome.

Without any special ethnographical study, a slight attention to the transmigrations of English words, reminds us how far, and through how many peoples they have travelled. Embedded in our language, like the fossils and bones in the matrix of the earth, are the rude and rudimental forms, reminding us of our Asian origin. What the Latin is to us—the dead tongue of a nation and a tribe, long since dead and buried—that, the Sanscrit is to the broad and extensive range of tongues spoken in India; and there are innumerable words in our language pointing out our connection with that mysterious speech. How far are all words of one origin? To what degree may we trace them in one family? How far may all the children of men be made to understand each other? Most students of etymology, have simply regarded the relations of languages as strange, curious, whimsical coincidences—loose, capricious, and accidental; but may we not anticipate a higher and nobler result than this? If, for instance, we find words, belonging to our language, scattered over the Eastern tongues (the Teutonic or German embedded in the Oriental)—if the English *abode* is only the Persian *abad*; the English *door*, only the Sanscrit *der*; the English *daughter*, only the Persian *dokhter*—if the English *chip* is only the Persian *chop*, rod or stick; and *jade* the Persian *ichd*; and our English *hubbub* only the Persian *hehub*—may we not speak from such a hint. Mr. Welsford, an accomplished and competent Hindoo scholar, has, in his work on the English language, pointed out a number of remarkable coincidences between English and Sanscrit words, or rather Sanscrit roots. He has carried the same principle of examination most successfully into the Greek, the Latin, and the Slavonic languages, in so many instances that we must not attempt to cite illustrations: let it suffice that the Sanscrit has the privative *a* of both—the Greek and the Latin—and that, before a vowel, it is changed into *an*. The Sanscrit has also the privative prefix *Un*, as a verb signifying to deduct or lessen. The eldest race on English ground is the Celtic; but Mr. Welsford has, just as satisfactorily, traced the Sanscrit element in that Allophylian, and most aboriginal tongue. Thus, in the analysis of the migration of our speech we find our paternity and ancestry in India.

A deeper erudition may perhaps object to this method of etymological or philological study; still, the instances we have cited, and ten thousand similar analogies, may be found guiding us to

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truths lying far below the more alluvial strata of mere etymology. The etymologist very frequently does not see the truth he admits. Do not words, in their changes and variations, guide us to the fact of the existence of some imperishable language deeply fixed in the foundations of human nature? Is there some element conveying the same fundamental idea through all languages, and thus intimating to us the identity and fraternity of the whole human race? We may believe this, without subscribing to the creed of the very learned Dr. Alexander Murray, who says, by the help of nine words, "ag, wag, hwag, bag or bwag, of which fag and pag are softer varieties, dwag, thwag or twag, gwag or cwag, lag and hlag, mag, nag and hnag, rag and hrag, swag, all the European languages have been formed"—this well-known and most euphonious theory is referred to by Mr. Farrar. There is no telling whither a man will ride when he mounts his hobby-horse; and, however wooden a hobby-horse usually is, it matters little to the rider. Still, when we do find, without a doubt, primitive analogous forms of languages abounding in the spoken languages, we cannot but believe that the elements of etymological and philological criticism are lying, like the bones in the Kirkdale Cave, the Lyme Regis, or the Paris Basin, waiting for some philological Cuvier or Owen to reduce them to order and to law. Our knowledge of language, and of scientific grammar, has often seemed to us like the knowledge we may have of a limb, or a bone, without a knowledge of the moving creature and the laws of animated existence; and yet some great discoveries have shown to us how much we may hope for yet in the unicising the forms of speech.

But it is more pertinent to the purpose of our present paper to say, that the study of English words introduces us into a curious and most entertaining historical museum. The study of the parts of speech is most entertaining; nouns have been, with truth and ingenuity, likened to the piles driven into the river, on which you rear the pillars for the arches of the bridge; but verbs, and conjunctions, and prepositions, are like the very bridge and arch itself, by which we pass to and fro over the river of thought, and hold intercourse the one with the other. Of the first efforts of our ancestors in the way of speech we have some knowledge; the Saxon language is especially illustrative of this. Our fathers had the things, but they had no very clear appellation for them, and therefore, they expressed the idea with some circumlocution, betraying great poverty of speech, and yet great point or significance; they had *grapes*, but no name for them, and therefore they called them *wine berries*; they had *gloves*, but no name for them, so they called them *hand shoes*, as we are told the Dutch do to this day; they had *butter* among their delicacies, but no name for

it, so they called it *cow smear*, the unguent the cow afforded, and which they smeared on their bread. So also we have in the Anglo-Saxon, *the smear monger*, for the butter merchant; we have the *stink of a rose*! instead of its smell; fancy a mother mourning that *her knave's lungs were addled*—by this in the idiom they would have expressed sickness of consumption. If they described a *preacher*, they would have spoken of him as a *beadle*, *spelling from a steeple*. So also *palace*, our extreme of architectural grandeur, was only *place*, the *king's*, or the *bishop's place*. Our fathers would not speak of a *very pretty sapling*, but of a *green beam of a tree*; while our word *landlord*, which even a poor peasant may be, gives the idea which it had of territorial dignity and sovereignty as the lord of the land.

Such words are indeed the first displays of language. But if we dig down among the derivations from the most polished Greek, we find the same crude forms—piles of the bridge of speech, of which we spoke. It is this curious alighting on the most unexpected relations which gives the interest and charm to all etymological pursuits. And, at the same time, we cannot too often warn ourselves, or our readers, to be careful, that etymology is a dizzy and bewildering study; while we must pity those persons who are not, in some measure, fascinated by the curiosities which lie embedded, as we have said, like fossils within the successive deposits and accumulations of our language through many ages. For instance, who could expect to find *salad oil* in connection with an ancient piece of armour? and yet, hence its origin. *Salad oil*, as we all know, is usually considered the purest and the best oil, and used only for the purposes of the table. A *salad* in ancient times, was not a tasty dish of green meat, served with the cheese and ale; but a head-piece of defensive armour, and the oil used for brightening it, was the best oil. If you refer to an old French dictionary, you will find the word *salade* used in this sense. And, in our own language, the word occurs in all lists of ancient armour; although now, it signifies, not what is put on the head, but what, through nature's vizard—the mouth—we put into it. *Treacle* boasts a Classical origin, but few persons would suspect its paternity. In fact, by a strange and winding ancestry, it comes from the Greek *THE-RIAKA*; which also signifies witchcraft, and was originally intended as a medicine, an antidote against the bite of a serpent. It is not without a stretch of thought that we identify *Westminster*, or *York Minster* with the place of the *Minister*, or the serving place. And we need a similar stretch to associate *cockle shells* with *cochlere*, a spoon; although they were so called because so used. Nor, when we speak of the *drinking horn*, or the *wassail horn*, do we think of *horned cattle*, though the term is applied from the horn of the

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animal being used for this purpose. And if the reader has visited York Minster, and has seen the great Horn of Ulpha, then the analogy and the reason will be instantly suggested to him. *Candlestick* carries us back to the time when none of our modern elegancies of that description existed. An ancient candlestick was a stick slit at one end for the purpose of holding the candle, and three nails stuck in the stick for the same use; and although we have this utensil now made of gold, silver, brass, glass, and porcelain, yet we give to all the same name, and retain the *stick*.

Thus we may see how words *grow*. The expressiveness of many is lost sight of by us, until we dig about them. The word *bankrupt*, for instance, from the French word *bankerout*, from *bancas*, Latin for the bench, table, or counter of a tradesman, and *ruptus*, rupture, broken—the broken counter; and this word *bankerout* was the word in common use once; as Shakespeare says,—

“Dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but *bankerout* the wits.”

We fear we must put together words which rise to our memory, and which seem to have little light to illustrate each other. The names of places are especially curious. Few persons have visited London who have not seen the *Bull and Mouth*, but few of them have associated it with an ancient period of English history. The *Bull and Mouth*, and the *Bull and Gate*, are rather extensively scattered over the south of England, though seldom or never seen in the north; and they have reminded the reader of the attempted achievement of Henry VIII., the taking of Boulogne; and are, in fact, simply Boulogne Mouth, or Boulogne Harbour. Public-houses wonderfully perpetuate memories. The *Saracen's Head* transfers our recollection to the times of the Crusades, when all Christendom was in arms against the Saracen, and the head of Saladin became a desirable prize. But even etymologies much more obvious than these, have been overlooked. Very few of the millions who have passed by *Charing Cross* have identified it with the little village of *Charing*, and as few have recurred to the time when the disconsolate monarch caused the body of his Queen to rest there, and called it the place of his *Chère Reine* (his *Dear Queen*). Although all persons have visited *Vauxhall*, few have associated it with “*that eminent and illustrious martyr, Guy Faukes* ;” yet Vauxhall is Faukes's Hall, or “*La Salle De Faukes*.” Faukes was a powerful baron in the reign of John, who received from that king a grant of land in South Lambeth, where he built a hall or mansion-house, which bore his name, and is still an estate belonging to the Chapter of Canterbury.* In America the word

* Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, pp. 112 and 168.

"*Canterbury*" is used as synonymous with our "Drawing a long bow," or "Throwing the hatchet." "*What a Canterbury!*" is one exclamation for "*What a lie!*" or "*What a tale!*" Or, to recur to a more humorous association, few who have looked upon that curious body-guard of royalty, called the *Beefeaters*, have ever thought of their actual origin. Alas, alas! no word shows more how words degenerate. Oh, gentlemen of the Guard! is it come to this—that those specimens of Tudor yeomanry should be supposed to be royally appointed to eat beef at public entertainments for the diversion of kings, queens, and courtiers! In fact, this body-guard of waiters was first appointed by our suspicious king, Henry VII. He appointed them to deck his table, to take charge of his board, to spread all royal vessels, to serve at the royal *bufet*—in fact, to be his *beofeteurs*; and this very naturally became corrupted into *Beefeaters*. Something like this is the origin of the word *Roamer*, if we may trust a probable etymology, which derives it from *Romeer*—that is, a *Pilgrim*—one who had been to *Rome*; in an age when such an achievement implied great wanderings, or, in our sense of the word, *Roamings*. And the word *Saunterer* is, like it, one who had wandered through the "*Sainte Terre*," or the Holy Land. Thus the reader will see how interesting is the archæology of words.

We hope not to offend any of the masters of the shears and the board, if we venture to take in hand, for etymological purposes, the *Cabbage* of the tailor. There is a proverb very old—"Tailors will cabbage;" and the popular mind identifies the word with the common vegetable. In fact, the proverb is very general; it is not only English—it is Gothic and Teutonic. The word *Kabbage* is the word *Kabass*—a little basket; and this is the only way in which we can make any sense of the proverb.

Etymologies like these are, it may be presumed, safe and clear; but the dreams of etymologists, and their forced derivations, have frequently formed a subject of joke to the satirist. We very well recollect the story of the clever old French writer, Menage, who derived the word *Peruke* from the Latin *pilus*, a hair. He very gravely gave to the world the following progressive transmutations: *pilus*, *pelus*, *pelutus*, *pelutacus*, *pelutica*, *peruke*. Professor Porson, who was at once a great wit, and a great scholar, in contemptuous satire of this meandering stream of etymologies, derived the word *Cucumber* to Jeremiah King, thus:—Jeremiah King, Jeremy King, Jerry King, jerking, gherkin—cucumber. We hope not to expose ourselves to the shafts of any of the Porson race, yet we have surely said enough to show that one of the most interesting studies, whether consecutive and scholastic,

or simply desultory, is to trace the amazing transformations and modifications of words.

Even in themselves, words are wonderful. What is every word but a window, by the opening of which we have an opportunity of looking into a man's soul; and the transparency of the word is always, by so much the more, a better medium for mental communication? Or, we may call words the strings by which a series of pictures is presented in rapid succession to the eye. The time was, when every word was a picture. He who used a word first—almost any word—had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type, and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated*: dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we identify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*—the falling apart of stones—and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *Candid*, white. How beautiful, in this connection, as applied to the word Candidate—presenting the felt necessity that the candidate for any office should be white, and unsoiled in reputation! So the word *Husband*—the stay, and support, and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his “Points of Husbandry:”—

“The name of husband—what is it to say!
Of Wife and of household the band and the stay.”

And the word *Wife* is like it; it is only another form of the words “weave,” and “woof;” and in it we have, not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household into one. In the same way *Pity* grows into *Piety*.

Shall we offend our readers if we “axe” them to give us their attention while we trace the dynasty of that much abused and truly vulgar word. Chaucer did not disdain it—

“Axe not why: for though thou axe me,
I wol not tellen Godde's privitee.”

Mr. Pegge has cited many other instances. It is very shocking, but we have the mother of Henry VII. concluding a letter to her son with—“As herty blessings as y can axe of God;” and Dr. John Clerk, writing to Cardinal Wolsey, says—“the King axed after your Grace's welfare;” then the word *axe* is transformed into “*t'ax*,” which, we suspect, is that which is “axed.” And this again is transformed into “*task*,”—that is, a subsidy, or tax; till we read in Holinshed of a “*task* granted to be levied for the

King's use." And this again is transformed into "TAKES," by which term ancient leases were called. We believe in all these cases there is a deeper etymology than that we have given. The word seems to be both Celtic and Saxon. At present it is interesting to see in the task of the schoolboy a "tax;" and in that which is taken, that which is "*taxen*" or "*axen*."

Thus words are, as has been said, the true chameleons, changing their *apparent*, but not their *real* character, with every age; exchanging certain colours for others, developing new powers of expression and utterance, until, it must be admitted, it sometimes becomes very difficult to find any certain modern forms in analogy with the ancient idea; for it is just the same with ages as with men—they use their words from their innate sense of fitness, and this gives rise to that ever-varying thing *Literary Style*—style or standard of expression. Thus—

"Speech is morning to the mind.
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else, lie dark and buried in the soul."

Thus we see that every writer has his own standard, and he uses the same words used by another, with more or less vividness and force, with more or less weight or grandeur, in harmony with a law within him. The words which roll and heave, or march and tramp with such majesty in Milton, fly like swift sharp arrows from the pages of Thomas Fuller. Those same words sound like the cadences of rich cathedral music in Hooker; in Sir Thomas Brown, silently waving to and fro like rich and heavy arras or tapestry; in Tucker, like the musical fall of a beloved homely footstep; in Carlyle, swift and fast they fly, like sparks from the clattering hoof of the prancing Cossack steed. The brilliant history of Macaulay, the shrewd, finished outline of Jeffrey—how unlike;—and yet all these are made vivid to us by words. Words are like gold-headed nails, and they suspend before the eye the solemnly-waving silver-shielded heraldry of Sir Thomas Brown, or the heavy arras of Foster.

And thus the transformation is constantly going on. Words, now, often seem to us to wander about like bodies without souls, or souls without bodies, they are divorced from their primitive meaning and associations, and unable to find each other again; or, as Mr. Farrar well says, "words, of which the composition was originally clear, are worn and rubbed by the use of ages, like the pebbles, which are fretted and rounded into shape by the sea waves, on a shingly beach; or, to use the more appropriate image, suggested by Goëthe, their meaning is often worn away like the image and superscription of a coin." And there are such shades

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of meaning, contained in words, which are not present to all eyes or minds—to some the Greek, to others the Saxon. How far the two *seem* to be apart; though perhaps *not*. But, the mind most capable of feeling the grandeur of the one, will feel most the pathos of the other. But there is a moral chemistry, which seizes the word most adapted to the emotions of the nature—a mind phrenzied and on fire, when the chariot wheels roll rapidly, it needs a fiery element, which the Saxon has not so fully at command. Socrates, like William Cobbett, would probably have preferred a Saxon idiom; while, to a mind on fire with immense conceptions, and imaginations, and generalizations—as Milton's—the Saxon alone would be insufficient. It is our happiness that we have them both. The power to use and assimilate must depend on the law within.

Hence, what is all the transformation of words in their more obvious apparelling, compared with that transformation they undergo in becoming the expositors of a thousand, or rather a million varying shades of thought? It is said, that no two of us see an object precisely alike. May we not say, that no two of us use a word in precisely the same sense; for words all suffer a kind of metempsychosis. If we would have proof of this, we have only to ask two or three persons to give to us a description of precisely the same thing or event—a storm, a sunset, a landscape;—get a piece of iron defined, or a ship, or a star, or a horse;—get them to be talked of in the various technicalities of a painter, poet, old sailor, or mechanic, practical man, man of science—we shall obtain from every one some minute particulars of variation, although enhancing the value of the description as a whole; and hence, from this cause it is then, that the annals of mental science present such an immense territory of debateable ground.

We are often interested with the struggles of the human mind to express itself when words have not been given:—

“During the trial of the mining case, at the late Liverpool Assizes, a number of old, and not very brilliant witnesses were examined, to prove the extent, and mode of working the mine. The following dialogue took place between one of them and Mr. James, the barrister engaged for the prisoner:—Mr. James: ‘Now you say you worked at the mine?’—Witness: ‘Ees, sir.’—Mr. James: ‘How did you work?’—Witness: ‘Why, it wos woorked oop and down, you ’no—this way, that way, t’other way, foot-ridden way—dang it, every way.’ (Loud laughter.)—Mr. James: ‘I must confess I don’t understand you.’—Witness: ‘I think I spoke plain enuf.’ (Loud laughter.)—Mr. James: ‘No doubt you did, but the stupidity is on my side, not on yours.’—Witness: ‘That’s it. You are quoit stupid. You conna’ onderstand English!’ (Continued laughter.)—The Judge: ‘If we had been in the habit of working in mines, doubtless

your language would be perfectly intelligible, but as it is, we cannot understand you.'—Witness: 'Well, I conna spake ony plainer. Dang me if ever I seed such stupid people since I left pit.'—Some further attempts were made by the learned counsel to obtain a more definite answer to the question, but it was 'no go,' and the witness was at length told to leave the box, which he did, apparently with a still stronger conviction than before of the natural and irremediable obtuseness of judge, jury, counsel, and auditory."

And here is a well-known like amusing, though slightly different incident:—

"At a trial at the Court of King's Bench, between certain tweedledums and tweedle-dees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the 'Old English Gentleman,' Cooke, the well-known musician, was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:—"Sir, you say the two melodies are the same but different. Now, Sir, what do you mean by that?" To this Tom promptly answered, 'I said, Sir, that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently, the position of the accented notes was different.'—Sir James: 'What is a musical accent?'—Cooke: 'My terms are a guinea a lesson, Sir.' (A loud laugh.)—Sir James (rather ruffled): 'Never mind your terms here, Sir. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?'—Cooke: 'No.'—Sir James: 'Can you feel it?'—Cooke: 'A musician can.' (Great laughter.)—Sir James (very angry): 'Now, pray, Sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his Lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge that tried the case) and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent?'—Cooke: 'Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay stress upon any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, "You are an *ass*," it rests on *ass*; but if I were to say, "You are an *ass*," it rests on *you*, Sir James.'"

If it is difficult to take an object seen by the eye and to accurately define it, how much more difficult must it be, accurately to define that by which the object is seen or known? The mind has a large amount of furniture, which it is, unquestionably, very difficult to take stock of—sensations, volitions, perceptions, ideas—how shall we define all these? Most philosophers, so soon as they attempt the task, upset the theory of some other teachers. There are a number of words, for instance, which stand in the schools like ready-armed combatants, waiting the charge to battle. It is quite amusing to see to what a controversy the very word *idea* has led. Sir William Hamilton has shown, that if Plato,

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Descartes, Hobbes, and Gassendi all met and conversed upon *ideas*, the disputants would all be in the dark as to the very word they had employed so often, since all would be employing it in a manner different from his neighbour. Thus, by one it would be regarded as the images of the objects of the external world projected on the mind; by another it would be regarded as the grouping of conceptions by the mind, within itself; by another, the whole world in which we live would be so regarded as to be spoken of as an idea within the mind: till matter, and all its forms and varieties, themselves came to be considered only as ideas. To all which may be added Dr. Currie's definition, who, when bored by a foolish blue-stocking as to the precise meaning of the word *idea*, which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work but could not understand, answered, at last, angrily—"Idea, madam? Idea is the feminine of idiot, and means a female fool." We cannot be ignorant of the collisions of the schoolmen on this point. We cannot be ignorant of the wonderful speculations of Berkley, of which Byron has said—

"When Bishop Berkley said there was no matter,
I think it was no matter what he said."

Another clever punster has said, in his prompt, catechetical poem:—

"What is Matter?—Never mind.
What is Mind?—No matter."

But we are not permitted to dismiss the matter thus summarily. There are some pertinacious spirits who will follow up the inquiry until they have received, if not what is satisfactory to others, what is an answer to themselves. How do I become conscious of my own existence? How do I become conscious of the existence of the external world? Let me be a sentient and intelligent being, and it matters not whether I have been taught the long range of lexicon phraseology, or whether I know not one single word. *Words are conveniences*; they are a necessity of our state; they are the signs of things. We prefer to call them so, to saying they are the signs of ideas. Words are the handwriting of time and space; they are the penmanship of consciousness and thought. But time, and space, and consciousness, and thought, might all exist without any words. Words merely, and in themselves, it must be understood, explain nothing; words do not even give *ideas* to the mind,—if by the word *ideas*, we mean mental conception, and arrangement, and abstraction; for, whatever Horne Tooke may say to the contrary, we must contend that there is such a power as abstraction. Nay, are not conception and abstraction in degree one? Words represent, as Mr. Garnett

has said, "conceptions founded on perceptions." But, as we have seen, these words present nothing certain to the eye; they are the signs of the present perception, not of the past or the future. *The Book*—who sees in it the *Beech covers* of the ancient leaves? What analogy is there between Buckinghamshire, book, and beech? *Loaf*, *lofty*, and *lady* express to us very different ideas; yet all have, in fact, the same signification. Words, therefore, are many of them, come to mean what those who use them intend they shall mean; and thus, from age to age, their meaning sinks and swells, and rises and falls, for the mind finds its own level, and words reveal its power and the measure of its presence.

And when we speak of the trustworthiness of words, we must not forget how many thousand errors may spring up, even in the spelling, in the course of a generation. Instead of illustrating this by any serious dissertation, let us do so from an anecdote of no less serious and dignified a person than the Duke of Wellington, from the newspapers of the time:—

"A very comical story has been related in private circles for some days past, which is too good to be lost to the public, particularly as it includes the names of several distinguished individuals. The story runs thus:—That Mrs. Loudon, the lady whose clever writings are so well known, being lately in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, requesting him to allow her to visit his gardens, for the purpose of inspecting and taking the measurement of several fine beeches, known as the Waterloo Beeches, at Strathfieldsaye. The letter was signed with her initials, 'C. J. Loudon,' and was duly presented to his Grace, who, raising his glasses and looking at its contents, came to the conclusion that it was a request from the Bishop of London, whose signature is 'C. J., London,' to allow him to inspect and take the measurement of his Waterloo breeches. With his usual dispatch, the Duke immediately ordered his valet to forward his inexpressibles, with his compliments, to the right reverend Prelate, imagining, it is supposed, that they might be wanted for some artistic purpose. It will easily be conceived with what amazement the Bishop received this extraordinary parcel; and it is not to be wondered at that his Lordship concluded, naturally enough, that the Duke had gone clean out of his senses. The joke, however, appeared to his Grace so exceedingly good that he took the earliest opportunity of showing the Bishop's note to his friends, when the error was soon detected, and Mrs. Loudon thereupon received a polite compliance with her request."

And, therefore, we must not trust words too much. We must treat them as young ladies are said to treat the words of their lovers before marriage—as very pleasant, and worthy of respect, but not to be the anchor of too much confidence. You cannot

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find the unvarying and infallible meaning ; and thus, if men trust words too much, they will assuredly become sceptics. You cannot settle a word by a word. True, our old friend Philosophy tells us, that we cannot think without words ; that invariably, in all our cogitations, we find that we are shaping our thoughts into letters ; and we say, "Aye, it is even so, old Truepenny." But, this is only a partial truth, for thought exists before all words ; and this is the mechanical action of thought, rather than the spontaneous gush of words to the mind, and we have conceptions in our mind which words vainly strive to realize. Our conceptions seek to embody themselves, for their own convenience, in words, but what is the word compared to the conception ? What is time ? We cannot get beyond chronometrical arrangement, but we have an idea overleaping that. What is space ? All that exists without form, and is void ; but surely no words will assist us to see or know that. What is truth ? The sneer is on the lip of Pilate, as we pluck him, retiring from the judgment-hall, by the robe, and say, "The Word is truth ;" but Pilate, even if he were a Christian, might respond, "What word ? The word within, or the word without ?" The word in the letter, or the word in the spirit ? Is the Bible *all* and every kind of truth ? Surely not. It is equally true that the squares of the periodic revolutions of our planets are governed by the square of the distances. What, then, is all nature truth ? We neither affirm it nor deny it.

What is right ? What is a pound ? Are not these perplexing questions of perpetual occurrence. Do they not illustrate the vacillancy of language and of words ? And, not only so ; let any one remember how the mind of man unconsciously gives itself up to the dominion of its own prejudices and tastes. Many writers use words as the old Scottish freebooter prayed,—“Turn the world upside down, Lord. Oh Lord, turn the world upside down, that men may get a bit of bread.” We have many writers, who very remorselessly turn all speech upside down. If any person ever needed illustrations of this, he may find them in the writings of Hume and Gibbon. With what sophistry have both of these distinguished writers compelled words to obey the bidding of their mind—Gibbon especially, how he saps our “solemn truth with awful sneer.” Of all those men who ever attacked the Christian faith, *he* has the least manliness ; he always fights with inuendos, behind a bush, and walks with steadiness the plank of double meanings ; his sneers, his satire and scorn, are “like the old Pictish weapon, at once a spear and a shield.” “He hides himself behind the very weapon with which he wounds you.” Here is an illustration,—“Appolonius, of Tyana, was born about

the same time as Jesus Christ. His life is related in so fabulous a manner by his disciples, that we are at a loss to discover whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic," meaning Apollonius, but the words are so cleverly placed in their juxtaposition, that they convey an insinuation against the Saviour. We cannot be too careful of words; they are like those rivers whose mouths are Deltas, they bear down and deposit things; they pour into the mind of the reader, or student listener, the peculiar formation and colourings of the mind from whence they come. How strange it is, to think that all those signs, the imitations of noises in the external world—the imitations of forms, and shapes, and things, and the imitations of human labour and handycraft—those shades of colour caught from every varying cloud—those signs standing so complete, so individual, and alone—should be capable of so much mental absorption, till there, on those pages, they are presented, abstractions far removed in the embodied wholeness from those signs they first represented. The chemistry of the air is wonderful, by which all the *débris*, the charcoal and carbon of human corruption, are caught up, transformed, and made to contribute to the life of men, and animals, and flowers. The chemistry of the human frame is marvellous, by which from day to day it is built up, and wondrously maintained. The chemistry of the ocean is marvellous, by which the salt wave is made to minister to the constant refreshment and life of our globe. But what shall we say to the chemistry of words?—that constant fluctuation, yet embodiment and crystallization—that constant emigration of one race of words with another, yet each absorbed in the grammatic architecture of the whole? What shall we say of that constant flow and interflow of speech, which we all so use, yet which never diminishes or becomes less? *Words*—serried legions of thought, armed to the teeth, they are the means by which brave souls overcome. *Words*—safety valves of thought, if we had them not, the soul, for want of utterance, would go mad, would turn upon and destroy herself. *Words*—comforting balm, pressed out of the precious flowers of life—sweet experiences, and sacred consolations. *Words*—lies, simulated masks, which grinning hypocrites hold up before their face. *Words*—oaths, blasting bolts, which passion shoots against the Eternal, as the pigmy, man, calls Heaven to hear how he defies Him. *Words*—links between matter and mind—the material drapery of one, the consecrating spirit of the other. In all ways and forms how singular! Charters of our ancestry; our heraldry; breath of our better being; and, alas, proof also of our responsibility to a higher law than themselves, to which they are all witnesses, since "by our words we are justified, and by them condemned."

The analysis of society. has entered into the constitution of matrimony. It assigns only one state in the sorry to woman. recently in of marriage the union spiritual position grades Marriages was made tarian the page Judaism Malach are ill which ness of have the *diff* Latin perman and gi made v legitim law bu trimon Those gives the w that t than no uni Prior we ass husba were society

The study of words is not literary trifling. Do we not see how the analysis of a word leads to important knowledge of the state of society. Mr. Newman, in his interesting work on regal Rome, has entered into a discussion of the word *matrimony*, and the institution *matrimonium*. The reader will perceive that the word *matrimony* does not include so high and sacred a state as *wedding*. It assigns to the institution of marriage as the chief end what is only one of its ends; it regards marriage from that word as the state in which the woman becomes a mother. We have been sorry to see this doctrine, which degrades the individuality of woman and the Divine intentions of marriage, promulgated recently in the *Edinburgh Review*. We must think the intention of marriage deeper, higher, more sacred. We must regard it as the union of opposites in character and quality, for the most spiritual purposes; regarding woman only as the mother, and her position in life as having relation only to natural intentions, degrades the mother; in fact, this was the crime of all Paganism. Marriage was only the means by which the wealth of population was maintained for the city. This is the crime of modern utilitarian science; it darkens down like a black curtain over most of the pages of modern political economy; it was the crime of ancient Judaism, rebuked in the most pathetic lines by the Prophet Malachi, in which the true grounds and ordinances of marriage are illustrated; and rebuked again by our Lord, in language which traced the ideas of the Jews on marriage home to the hardness of their hearts. Now, this word *matrimony*, although we have wedded it to a larger signification, *did, in its origin, mark the difference between the Latin and the Sabine marriages*. The Latin never gave the wife into the hand of the husband; she remained permanently in her father's power; he might at any time recal her, and give her to another. A marriage beneath the Sabine law was made with the sacred auspices, and was called *connubium*, or *nuptie legitime*, and the wife was "*justa uxor*;" but a marriage, valid in law but deficient in ceremonial sanctity, was designated only as *matrimonium*, and the wife was called *injusta uxor*, an illegitimate wife. Those wise old Pagans, in their rude way, saw that religion alone gives the beauty and sanctity to the marriage state, and thus, the word *matrimony* itself, now so honourable, may indicate that the domestic morality of the oldest Latins was less elevated than the Sabines. In savage society, and in those oldest states, no union between the sexes was ratified until children were born. Prior to this, the woman had no claim on the man. The ideas we associate in our sweet Christian domestic union with the words husband and wife, did not exist. Their intimacy and association were but an ordinary friendship; but when a child was born, society recognised the woman's claim to a mother's support.

Our readers would be surprised, if we were to attempt to show to what an extent these ideas have a hold, practically, in many parts of England, in Wales, and in Cornwall; even though the Parliamentary reports illustrate that with us, among our unenlightened populations, the marriage state is actually the mother state, or matrimony.

Thus we see how language changes its form and usage, just as it has been remarked, our word *miscreant*, which really means only a misbeliever, a heretic; assures us of the instinct which points to the bad faith as the companion for introduction to a bad life.

We have detained our readers too lengthily, by showing how language is beaten out, that we cannot devote any time to the consideration of the not less important subject of *Abbreviations*. It is the aim of the human mind, as Horne Tooke says and shows, *not only* to provide itself *with words, but with winged words*; and it does this by employing, very frequently, words abbreviated in themselves, to give wing and force to those which are of greater importance and worth to the mind. The fashions of speech, too, are like the fashions of our clothes, not so arbitrary as they seem. They result from many reasons of taste, comfort, convenience, and habit. The most barbarous period of language will be found to be the middle period, when men are feeling after fine and true tastes; even as it is the case that men and women wear rings in their noses, not in the earliest infancy of society, nor yet in its latest maturity. And we may be sure that that is the highest form of speech which conveys ideas most distinctly into the mind, that we shall succeed in conveying such ideas plainly in the degree in which they are plainly perceived by us. Clear speech is as surely the result of clear thought, as clear water flows from a clear fountain; and we very wisely determine that it is safe to caution young readers against writers who indulge in dark sayings, partly, because such writers do not know what they have to communicate, and partly, because dark speech shadows and darkens the listening mind.

Let us return for a few moments to the Saxon language, our mother tongue, the speech of our fatherland; and let us say that, while Bosworth's noble Saxon Lexicon is no stranger to our study-table, we must admit our obligation to the very clever and admirable review of it by Mr. Rogers; and the Saxon tongue, the speech of our Saxon forefathers, is our own—we have not relinquished it yet—we shall find no other to supply its place. The following generalization is very striking:—"The English language contains 38,000 words; of these, 5-8ths are Saxon. From the Saxon come our grammatic forms and classes of words. Our inflections are Saxon; the comparative and superlative of

adjectives
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elements—
seasons—
divisions
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heat, cold
The most
sea, land,
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slide, stri
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adjectives ; the *en*, and the *est*, and the most frequent termination of our adverbs, *ly* ; our articles and definitions—*a*, *an*, *the*, *this*, *these*, *those*, *many*, *few*, *some*, *one*, *none* ; those important words—*more*, *and*, *most*, *have*, *be*, *shall*, *will*, *may*, *can*, *must*. How pictorial is our Saxon tongue ! It gives names to the heavenly bodies—the *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*. It names three of the four elements—*earth*, *fire*, and *water*. It names three of the four seasons—*spring*, *summer*, and *winter*. It gives names to the divisions of TIME—*day*, *night*, *morning*, *evening*, *twilight*, *noon*, *midday*, *midnight*, *sunrise*, and *sunset*. So also it names *light*, *heat*, *cold*, *frost*, *rain*, *snow*, *hail*, *sleet*, *thunder*, and *lightning*. *The most beautiful and striking objects of our scenery are Saxon*—*sea*, *land*, *hill*, *dale*, *wood*, and *stream*. *The forcible words expressing action are Saxon*—*sit*, *stand*, *lie*, *run*, *walk*, *leap*, *stagger*, *slide*, *stride*, *glide*, *yawn*, *gape*, *wink*, *thrust*, *fly*, *swim*, *creep*, *crawl*, *spring*, *spurn*. *The dearest household words are Saxon*—*father*, *mother*, *husband*, *wife*, *brother*, *sister*, *son*, *daughter*, *child*, *home*, *kindred*, *friends*. *So also* *hearth*, *roof*, *fireside*, *love*, *hope*, *fear*, *sorrow*, *shame*, *tears*, *smiles*, *blush*, *laugh*, *weep*, *sigh*, *groan*. As we said above, abstract and general terms are Latin or Greek ; but individualities are Saxon. Latin gives us movement, and motion, and sound ; but *buzz*, *hiss*, *clash*, *rattle*, *hum*, are Saxon. Latin gives us colour ; but Saxon gives to us *white*, *black*, *red*, *green*, and *blue*. Latin gives us crime ; but Saxon brands on the criminal the name of *murder*, *theft*, *robbery*, *lie*, *steal*. *Member* and *organ* are Latin ; but *ear*, *hand*, *eye*, and *lip*, are Saxon. *Animal* is Latin—*man*, *cow*, *calf*, Saxon ; and so are those noble compounds of poetry—a *thunderstorm*, *thundercloud*, *kingdom*, *witchcraft*, *swordbearer*, *earthquake*.” We read these words, and thus find that our land was not subdued at the Conquest. No land can be subdued while the language flows, and percolates through all its villages—is spoken by its firesides—is used to inspire in religion, to fire in battle, to swell and sob in poetry, to chronicle the story of the ancient crone, to embody the lessons of the teacher, to roll the martial strains of the warrior, to ripple in the ears of the lover. It is true the terms of honour and dignity were Norman ; but what a genuine old Saxon word is *KING*, and how (as has been remarked) its prevalence assures us of the necessity of an appeal to the popular Saxon *hust* before the ruler could mount the throne !

None of our readers can have forgotten the conversation between Gurth and Wamba in the glades of the green old forest of Sherwood, when they were beheld there and overheard by the author of “*Ivanhoe*.” Our readers remember the reply of

Wamba when appealed to to guide some rather strong-willed porkers.

"Truly," said Wamba without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe ; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort !" quoth Gurth ; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs ?" demanded Wamba.

"*Swine*, fool, *swine*," said the herd ; "every fool knows that."

"*And swine is good Saxon*," said the jester ; "but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor ?"

"*Pork*," answered the swine-herd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba, "and *pork*, I think, is good Norman-French ; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name ; but becomes a Norman, and is called *pork*, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles ; what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha ?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone ; "there is old *Alderman Ox* continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes *Beef*, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. *Mynheer Calf*, too, becomes *Monsieur de Veau* in the like manner ; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths ; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board ; the loveliest is for their couch ; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon."

This conversation does, in fact, describe the change which passed over our language by the Norman conquest ; but, spite of

that and many other invasions and predatory incursions on our homely speech, *the Saxon holds its ground amongst us, and is the popular language still.* It is true, it is, as we have attempted to show, wanting in the generalizing and synthetic power; but it has a wonderful copiousness of detail, and, by its power to present the most graphic pictures and the most impressive sounds in their most detailed proportions and varieties, it speaks with an amazing fulness and clearness to the feelings of the people. We talk of the superiority of the Saxon tongue. Many persons do not, even while commending it, see the reasons of their own commendations; but, in a word, this is the cause: *we say the people understand it better—they do so because it does not tax our powers of generalization. For all terms of classification, we fly to the Greek or the Latin; for all terms of homely popular significance, we ought to fly to the Saxon.* It is true, it abounds in phrases we have come to consider coarse and vulgar. It abounds in monosyllabic words; and modern usage has determined on the introduction of words of three or four syllables.

And the beautiful old Saxon Bible, crown and chief of our Saxon heirlooms! Reverenced, first of all, because the infallible Word of Truth—the light in a dark place to a lost world; yet reverenced scarcely less as the dearest token of our nationality, too. What if some interpretations would give or take away a shade of meaning to many a text—what if a severer diction be demanded here, and a more plastic and expanded version there! Let it lie in our pulpits—in our parlours—in study, kitchen, cottage, and hall, untouched, as long as England is a nation; beautiful and beloved old Saxon Bible—sweetest and most fragrant offering of our ancient lore—in its pages the tenderness of our land's language is pressed out—in its pages the glory, and the beauty of our speech are enshrined; glorious to the eye as a monument—sweet to the taste as a confection—the memorial of a simpler, and more trusting, and believing time—music of a deeper, mightier, holier heart than ours! The Bible of England is the legacy of our Saxon fatherland, and irreverent, and sacrilegious must be the hand that would touch it. Pages read by the buried generations, slumbering in the scattered churchyards of our land; pages of the Puritan Cromwell, and the prelates Taylor and Ken; pages, shadowed and heightened by a faith and earnestness such as earth saw never before; pages, quoted by Saxon martyrs on their way to the stake, and by patriots on their way to the scaffold; pages, in which there is seen not only the Word of God, but the instinct of the nation, at once responding to, and becoming a channel for, the Divine Word; pages depository of the precious

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words of the best English hearts ; English hearts should guard, and English voices say, We bless our old Saxon Bible !

The words of some men have been so honoured as to be handed down from age to age, giving to their name an immortality independent of their achievements. What perennial life there is in words—in the great words, which are born instantaneously from great deeds. Some words contain so profound a truth, in so essential and compact a form, that the ages, as they pass, will not allow the sentence to expire. This is the origin frequently of those sententious proverbial utterances the experience of ages and centuries has enshrined. Words like those of the stricken and dying Wolsey—"Had I served my God as faithfully as I have served my King, He would not have cast me off in my grey hairs;" those thrilling words of the octogenarian martyr Latimer—"Cheer up, Brother Ridley!" said the old man, as he was stepping into the fire, and they were about to chain him to the stake—"Cheer up, brother Ridley! By the grace of God, thou and I will kindle such a flame in England this day as God will never allow to go out any more." Such words as Hampden's, when he began the struggle for English liberties—"God is with us!" How electrical they must have been in their day and hour. What dreadful strength in those words with which Strafford received his death-warrant—"Put not your trust in Princes." How Nelson's signal comes telegraphed down to our eye and to our heart—"England expects every man to do his duty." Words like these—and they might be multiplied a thousand-fold—are the pith and marrow of biography. They are like an ever-burning lamp over the tombs of those who could speak them. Thus, from age to age, has our language been built. Our words have been the organ tubes of great minds ; the lungs of our language heave with the breath of freedom, of music, of poetry, of Divine truth, and therefore of Divine philosophy. It has known many ages, and many forms of literature. But the words of Englishmen have been brave words, and always free. The language we speak to-day, is that of those periods glorious to us through the night of time : we are speaking the words spoken by the free Alfred—by the ploughman Cedmon—by the wise Asser ;—the words spoken by the English Chaucer.

The great words of England in "Piers the Ploughman," the solitary Malvern monk who anticipated so well in, and expressed himself on, his times so vigorously. Great words of England, words of Spenser—that brightest, richest dream of chivalry—that true "Ehrenbrightstein"—that broad stone of honour—the Revelry and Carnival of Fairy Land, "where the gentle knight came pricking o'er the plain;" words—mirrors in which we see 'the lovely Una and her milk-white lamb,' and the grot and the

den of the blind Archimage. Great words of England, Shakspeare's words! Not Greece, not France, not Rome, not Germany, nor Spain, nor Italy, have ever locked and enshrined such treasures in their languages. And Johnson, and Webster, and Massinger—in the pens of these men, are those words we daily use. What lightning conductors have they become; what tempests and storms have they raised; what hearts laid bare; what events recorded! Words now smooth as the sea, like a sheet of shining quicksilver, and now those same words "The welkin and the ocean all in flame" with the free speech of England! Great words of England, Milton's words—

"Rolling through the vast and boundless deep,"

who carried language nearer to the Empyrean than any before! What Ninevite palaces rise, like his "Titanic structure, huge and vast!" What deep Porsenna bells peal through all those infinite and awful tones! But we must stop. What myriad hands have reared these awful works. Dead the tongues that spoke, the hands that wrote them. Yet all the triumphs of this tongue have not closed, the speech of the golden-mouthed Taylor, and the stately Hooker; the speech of the homely, epic, and pictorial Fielding, and the ambitious, and gorgeous Gibbon; speech of the Saxon Bunyan, and the grotesque and many-sided Brown; speech in which Wordsworth has set all mountain winds to music, and Tennyson has wrung and tortured Music herself, until she murmured to lyrics and melodies of a deeper harmony than she had comprehended before; and Carlyle has muttered from a cave, wild, savage, pathetic dissonances, as it were the fusing down in one, of all wisdoms, follies, madnesses, magnificences, as the world has known. *Free speech!* how great its destiny—to utter to a myriad unborn generations yet, words that shall give free laws and constitutions, evangelical truth, and science, and thought and feeling to wandering nomade tribes in the gorges of the Himalayas; to the cities and rising civilization of Tasmania; to the vast interests of that new world, shaken to its centre now by Slavery, the world's greatest foe. Free words of England, already boasting a higher ancestry, and prouder empire than any other words before Copt or Hebrew, Greek or Latin. In the long future be it our glory and boast that these words contain, in a higher degree than any other ever spoken, the most tender utterances of sacred affection—the most exalted aspirations of human thought.

III.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.*

THE reception of a new history worthy of the name, has cast our mind upon the reconsideration of some of those first principles of the historian's work, and historical science, which, even historians themselves have, perhaps, more frequently forgotten than remembered; principles, however, sure to be recalled to recollection by the devout student of history, even if the writer be remiss in directing attention; just as the *cicerone* may guide to the spot famous for its associations, and, unable either to narrate or to suggest, the visitor will not fail, in such a case, to supply the deficiency of the guide. Indeed, we do not expect the guide to make reflections to us; a suggestion may be pardoned, but more than this becomes tedious and impertinent; and the historian is not expected to be a homilist; but, we do demand of him that the narrative shall be so lucidly and completely written, that it becomes indeed its own commentator. The volumes of Dr. Motley are not to be dismissed with a slight and hurried notice; they narrate events, with which our traditions are too intimately blended, and conduct to conclusions, in which all lovers of freedom and of truth are too profoundly interested, for such treatment. They are a valuable contribution to our historical literature, and not less a delightful accession to our fireside reading. Next month we shall, with our readers, walk through this fine gallery of historic portraits, and attempt to set before them, concisely, the more distinctive events of that important period, the brave annals of which Dr. Motley has with so much freshness, and vigour, and interest recorded.

Historic writing is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most dignified occupations of the human mind. It needs nearly all the qualities of genius, yet nothing is more certain than that more than genius is needed for the historian. The love of books; the patience of plodding research; the resolute burrowing among the driest earths

I. The Rise of the Dutch Republic; a History. By John Lothrop Motley. In Three Volumes. London: Geo. Routledge and Co.

II. History of the United Netherlands, from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. With a full view of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. Vols. I., II. London: John Murray.

III. The Limits of Exact Science, as applied to History. An Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, by Charles Kingsley, M.A. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge.

and most worthless accumulation of rubbish and chaff; the acquaintance, as a matter of course, with many languages; the power to strike through, and seize the weakest and strongest points of an event, an incident, a character; the power to grasp the outlines of many facts, to see as well their hidden meaning, and to group them so that there they lose their prosaic character, and are bodied forth in the light of graphic description, until it is difficult to discriminate the historian from the poet,—and yet, in the midst of all, to preserve the historian essentially and entirely distinct from the poet; to know precisely the relation the infinitely small in human affairs should bear to the almost infinitely large, and to keep the eye constantly fixed not only on the throne, and the throne room, but on the back-stairs leading to the throne room; to trace in human manners and customs the shifting web-work of human thought, and thus to be, not only little less than a poet of the highest wing, but little less than a metaphysician of the deepest and shrewdest comprehension;—making the pages, not only to flame with the hues of reality, but bringing into clear and unmis-taken light the secret sophistries as well as the open sins of the human heart.

Hard, indeed, is the task of the historian; and few, very few, are the books we can truly call histories. The truth is, we have been in the habit of honouring many of the *materials* of history with that more general and honoured name. An antiquary is not a historian; a fact-collector is not a historian; nor is the poetic dreamer over facts or dates a historian. Colours and canvas will not make an artist. A grouping of dead materials in the most proper, but dead nomenclature—this is not history. History is that humanizing power, which, like a camera obscura, takes up, and causes to pass before the eye, the things, the events, with all their colours, all their hues, with all things cohering together in their proper proportions; it is the drama on a large scale. History is the drama of ages; it ought to contain all that the drama contains. The historian should use all men, and all things, from the song of the ballad-singer in the street, to the whisper of the minister of state in the council chamber. An old coin, or an old sabre, or an old coat in the room of an antiquary, or the faded portrait in the old ancestral gallery, obsolete customs and usages in retired villages, or the tariff and the scale of custom rates and charges, the architecture of the nobleman's palace, the worshipper's temple, or the peasant's hut, all are the materials of history. To the historian, the roar of the mob, to whom the mayor is about to read the Riot Act, is as important as the roll of cannon, and the blasts of trumpets on the distant field of battle. Attentively he notes the costumes of the times of old—as interesting to him as the autograph

dispatch of the sovereign of the times. He will not lose sight of the story of the population in such terms as Feudalism and Chivalry, but will determine to know how the people, as well as their masters, lived, what they did, what they refused to do ; the colour and quality of their bread, and the state of the highway, will be to him matters of grave and momentous concern.

But these may be denominated the outer vesture and material of history. It is clear, that, a historian is not a mere dealer in the marine stores of nations. There is in all a moral purpose controlling the material aids. Dr. Arnold has defined one of the chief qualities of the historian to be, activity for truth and impatience of error. To present an age or a people as they were, this is the object of the historian. One would almost go the length of saying, that the historian should have no favourites—no heroes. He should be like the dramatist, in the distance he maintains towards personages and events. He is not to be the apologist, or he ceases to be the historian. He is not to be the partizan, or he ceases to be the historian. If he *too* prominently leads a hero on the field or on the page, he sinks his character, and from the historian becomes only the epic poet. In the world of actual life, it may be doubted if there be at any one time, any man who overrides and eclipses *all* other men. It is the historian's duty to show us how events linked themselves together, and grew out of each other. How the evil deed contained the evil seed. How the evil seed contained the evil fruit. How crime and fashion used its black crape and varnish, and vice its rouge. How the principles of public happiness were planted ; how they matured and grew. How books were columns of light, or of cloud. How men were boons and blessings, or festering curses on the nation's heart. He must show all this, not by philosophising or expounding, but by narrating ; he must place the stream of events in their own light, and make deeds, events, and men their own expositors.

Historians like Dr. Motley, or Lord Macaulay, remind us of the Judicial power of the Pen ; in their hands, it becomes the true sceptre, mightier than the sword—mightier than the globe grasped by the monarch, the symbol of dominion and rule ; it is the true arbiter. The pen confers immortality on princes when the hand is paralysed, and the ploughshare has passed over the place where once stood the throne of an illustrious dynasty. The pen will preserve the name of the prince in the literary and historic archives. The pen writes down the deeds of the great captain, whose sword swept like lightning round the nations of his day ; he is not only conquered by death, he is conquered by the pen ; his place in history waits on its award. Is it not very strange to think how we little men sit in judgment on the crimes, and the

careers of those who would have made us tremble, who made the whole world tremble while they lived? Why, nothing can make us think of the great Marlborough but as a mean, pitiful, dastardly miser, a treason-hatching traitor who bought a place of power by the sale of his sister's honour, and maintained it by involving his country in debt that he might pocket the gains; who sold one sovereign, and was preparing to sell another; yes the pen enables us to say that. Thus the pen, the awful pen, sits, like an avenging fate, upon the memories of men, or stamps them with its irreversible seal. Is it not powerful? Is it not as wonderful as powerful? You see a prince like Henry the Eighth with the intellectuality of a man and the will of a beast. You see a man like James the Second, who, in the menagerie of kings, may safely pass for our English hyena. You see creatures like Jefferies or Bonner, these men could make, *did* make, gloried in making poor, weak women tremble. You figure them, with blood-shot eye and white-lipped, or lipless mouths, and cruel tusks and teeth, glaring and gnashing for their victims, and champing over their thwarted will, or standing gloating over a bleeding corpse. How indignant you feel. Be quiet, be quiet, history has them all right; they are safely bound in the chains of the pen; they cannot, they shall not get free; they are fast. In the day of their power, how they would have sneered at the poor Grub-street crew! Who so contemptible as the poet, the historiographer, the chronicler? HIM, neither gartered, nor starred, nor titled. HIM! conciliate him! No, away with him! Put him in the pillory, in the stocks, in prison. Away with him to the quartering knife of the hangman. See De Foe, standing in fact in the pillory, and composing a song in honour of it. See old Samuel Johnson scourged at the cart's tail through the streets of London. See Alice Lisle, venerable and glorious matron, led to the block. See Elizabeth Gaunt, sweet-hearted woman, led to the stake, for daring only to give bread to the hungry. See Bunyan in prison for twelve years, and George Fox in nearly all the prisons in England. See Russell, and Sydney on the block. Be quiet, be quiet, suppress your indignation, the memory of the victim and the tyrant are both in the keeping of the pen. Your pen is the true Lord Keeper of the consciences of all ages. It is the pen that haunts and dogs the steps of tyrants, with the everlasting Cassandra scream of execration. The pen raises against them the avenging hiss. The pen, in the hands of one they would have treated with contempt, is their judge,—jury,—sentence,—and executioner.

Other reflections are forced upon us. History is just and cold. One of the chief lessons seems to be this, that Nature, and Time, and Providence serve, we had almost said they *wait*, upon man—

not men. The ages, as they advance, dwarf and reduce from their stately proportions, sovereigns who seemed, in their day, so imperial in their influence : others, on the contrary, are elevated to their true place ;—history leads them forward, or thrusts them backward. What a world seemed to wait upon the will of the morose idiot Philip II. ; and a world trembled, too, before his cold-blooded superstitious savageism. He moves to his gloomy tomb in the Escorial, his way lit up by illuminating fires of *Auto-da-fès*, and his ears are incessantly regaled and charmed by the shrieks of victims on the rack. A dreadful world, indeed, he made of it. Wealthiest of modern princes—supreme over the most comprehensive empire—and a will ; and what did it all avail ? It availed to teach us that, in the long run, the most powerful will is impotent before eternal justice. Rome and Spain, in that day, were powers indeed. They had state-craft, and king-craft, and gold-craft, and torturing cruelty, and mendacity, and armies, and traditions ; and from all this they have sunk to be the most beggarly, nay, even the most blackguardly, powers in the world. They are reduced to this by the very means, as described by Dr. Motley, for conserving their power. Spain suffers her expiation as a thriftless nation of brigands and bandits ; and Rome suffers her's—a poor skeleton, rattling its bleaching bones over Europe, clothed in its dalmatic and purple, the tiara of ancient days over its eyeless old sockets, upon its hairless scalp, so playing at ghosts with the nations. The story of history is such, that a reader may become a prophet, and from the deeds of a nation in the present, he may declare its future always. There is just so much to stand between the kingdom and doom as there is justice in the land. “Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is disgrace and death to any people.”

This is very much the doctrine of Mr. Kingsley's truly admirable lecture. Perhaps this is the tendency of our modern thought upon human affairs, to show here, as in the vast zodiacs of the heavens, there operates the Divine Law. And is not the law of history the holiness of God ; faithfulness to it surely is prosperity, and unfaithfulness to it surely is misery. History, too, is the record of the disturbing forces, which break up the monotony and commonplace of human affairs,—the disturbing forces of genius—of folly—of enterprise. Very wonderful is it that man possesses the powers to disturb the arrangements of society. The rise of a Hildebrand—a Luther—a Napoleon—who can calculate or forecast the horoscope of these strange births of time ? Who can forecast the horoscope of the hordes of the North, whose wondrous pathway is described with so epic a pen by Thierry ? And, therefore, we take some exception to the terms of Mr. Kingsley's lecture ; it sounds too much as if the progress of human souls and societies

could be submitted to the same arithmetical formulæ as the pathway of a planet. We know the kind of force which might disturb a planet in its course; and we know the kind of force which might disturb the moral balance of a nation, or a world, and we speak of both as acting beneath the operation of certain laws. But there is a remarkable difference—just the difference there is between the madness or the sublimity of love, and the force of a projectile. “The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History!” Well, without a doubt, a reader will see in history the plain operation of certain laws; but he will certainly see how the Invisible rules all; how obviously all the hinges and springs of moral movement have their relation to “things not seen as yet”—nor intended to be seen. “Without doubt,” says Mr. Kingsley, “history obeys, and always has obeyed, in the long run, certain laws. But *those laws assert themselves, and are to be discovered, not in things, but in persons, in the action of human beings.*” And, therefore, we demur to the adaptation to this field of observation and research of the terms of the inferior worlds of natural philosophy and science; history is greater than mechanics—greater than mathematics; the forces of human souls are mightier in their energies than the dynamics of matter—the hydraulics and hydrologies of the universe. It is far nobler to say, as Mr. Kingsley has said: “And this belief that history is God-educating man, is no mere hypothesis, it results from the observation of thousands of minds, throughout thousands of years;” “studying it we rise thereby to more deep and just conceptions of the education of man,—and it may be of God himself.”

Thus the most sacred and sacramental work in literature, rightly regarded, may be said to be that of the historian. You see, if the historian has power to see extensively, and to set down what he is able to see, he becomes the vindicator of the Divine Idea, in the course of events, and the Divine Presence, in the government of them and of the globe. It is a great work—as much greater than the work of the poet as the death of Ridley and Latimer were greater than the agonies of Triptolemus. But, in our historians, we mark the want at once of simplicity and sagacity. Is there a history so delightful as the Book of Genesis?—and after this, is there one so pleasant as the simple tale of old Herodotus?—simplicity is so wide-minded, as well as clear-hearted. The historians of our own country do not ever seem to have been gifted thus. They have not written beneath the oppressive sense of the awfulness of the events which crossed the canvas they were spreading. We have no patience with them; and it becomes us, as fathers of families, as ministers of religion, as members of society, if we turn to the pages of Hume, or Gibbon especially, to

point to the sins of their histories. Never did historian spread so magnificent a canvas as Gibbon. He chose, not merely the greatest moment—he chose the greatest hours of the whole world's drama;—he chose to paint the ancient civilization in its last gasp, in its expiring struggles. He chose to paint that strong and hoary despotism of the ancient world with all its Oriental splendours and its European barbarisms around it. He called to his canvas, with more or less distinctness, the awful shades of the Cæsars. Obedient to his call, the forest hordes came thronging on their desolating way. He heard the crash of that astounding Empire, which bound in one all the crimes and all the glories of the ancient world. As in a great dissolving view, he beheld the Coliseum of Rome pass, and yield to the spectacle of a Cross, and one on it like to the Son of God. He saw the ancient peoples expire, and yield to the new races. He saw the new race, as it rushed across the canvas, the apostle of a new faith;—and he saw no *law* in all this. We may venture to speak of that great performance of Gibbon's—which is, for composition, for grouping, for era and event, perhaps the finest history our world's literature has known—as like the great image in the Apocalypse of Daniel, where the gold, and the iron, and the brass, and the clay are mingled in the strange confusion of great meanness, and great magnificence.

Hence, we have no patience with Gibbon. We have always felt that the peculiar kind of poison, which is his great literary ware, may be conveyed with peculiar stealth in historical composition. An inuendo may be made to look so like a fact. The poison of Gibbon is conveyed in homœopathic quantities, perpetually repeated; and, as has been remarked, reminds us of those Italian proficients in the art of toxicology, who conveyed death, in minutest portions, in a gorgeous ring or a glowing rose. It was a severe, but a just criticism of Professor Porson's on this great writer, that—"His humanity never slumbers unless when women are to be ravished, or Christians to be persecuted." It is sad to see Christian clergymen, like Dr. Robertson, and Joseph Warton, patting Gibbon on the back, and thanking him for his volumes, and never taking exception to the pages in which "he saps a sacred truth with solemn sneer"—in which he seeks to cast a shadow over the martyr's crown, and to apologise for the barbarities of the Roman Emperor. His account of the death of Cyprian, extorts from us a grim kind of laughter, so kindly does he linger over the mercies of the executioner, and forget the agonies of the martyr. True, the Bishop was banished, but, says Gibbon, "to a very pleasant and fertile country." He was sentenced to death, "*but* he was not conveyed to prison, but to a private house, and an elegant supper prepared for him." Sentence was pronounced; "*but* it was

a mild death, only beheading, and he was most graciously spared the torture." Isaac Walton exhorts the angler, when fishing with a frog, to put his hook through the mouth, and out at the gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, to sew on the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of the hook; and, in so doing, to use him as though he loved him. Such was the charity of Hume, and such the charity of Gibbon.*

Whenever we think of Gibbon and his pertinacious hatred to Christianity, and his incessant sparrow-shot of inuendo and sarcasm, we think of the happy appropriation to him, by some writer, we forget whom, of a famous passage in Peter Plymley, tended to annoy George Canning—"Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Phyrrius died by the hand of a woman; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger; tremble, thou scourge of God; a pleasant man is come out against thee; and thou shall be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shall be no more."

We are compelled to say we have as little patience with Hume as with Gibbon. If we did not know that, in reading a book, we can only see what our moral nature permits us to see, we should charge Hume with deliberate perversions and falsifications. Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, has distinctly made out such cases against him; and we must further direct the reader to a very elaborate article in the *Quarterly Review*.† Hume is our national historian, but he is the Belial advocate of infidelity. All religion, with him, is superstition and fanaticism. He constantly aims to suppress all belief in belief as a motive to action. It has been truly and wittily said—"He bombards St. Peter's, but his shells always glance off on St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, but it pins Archbishop Sumner to the wall; and the filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly."‡ Belief in special Providence is, with Hume, a gross absurdity. And he estimates merit or demerit, in any institution, or individual, exactly in proportion to the presence, or absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity.

But we detain our readers with these remarks, briefly to say, that the grand defect of these writers is this, they did not perceive Christianity to be an element in the history of the world. Now, Christianity to us, on the contrary, gives the law of history. It is the unicising element of the drama of the globe.

* See an admirable article on Gibbon in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxii. p. 378.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii. ‡ *Ibid.*

All is confusion without it; whether we walk with Gibbon through the streets of ancient cities, and mark the plague of which they died; or whether, with Hume, through the cities of Britain, through the middle ages, and mark how they rose to power, to order, and to grace. It is Christianity which unriddles the mystery of the earth, and explains its enigma. And we must hold him to be a defective historian who does not perceive this working element of power.

IV.

JUPITER CARLYLE.*

IN an age singular for its literary resurrections, the life of Dr. Alexander Carlyle is not one of the least remarkable, although we should quite demur to that extensive criticism which has made it one of the most remarkable. It is very delightful reading. How could such a book be other than delightful? It is a real autobiography; but it has all the charm of fiction. It carries us back in its review and narrative to the very days and persons of "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Redgauntlet," of "Waverley" and the "Antiquary." The man who is speaking to us saw the Porteous mob; he knew Colonel Gardiner, and heard him tell the story of his conversion three or four times to different sets of people: but it would seem very differently to our more generally received tradition. He was out in '45; he was with Gardiner on the field of Preston Pans; and he saw the Prince Charles Edward at Edinburgh; he was with Smollett in a coffee-house in London when the news of the battle of Culloden arrived, and the city was in an uproar of joy; he relates with a very graphic pen his adventures in getting home that night:—

"I asked Smollet if he was ready to go. I wished to go to New Bond-street, and he lived in Mayfair. He said he was, and he would conduct me. The mob were so riotous, and the squibs so numerous and incessant, that we were glad to go into a narrow entry to put our wigs in our pockets, and to take our swords from our belts and walk with them in our hands, as everybody then wore swords; and, after cautioning me against speaking a word, lest the mob should discover my country and become insolent, 'for John Bull,' says he, 'is as

* Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1860.

haughty and valiant to-night as he was abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday when the Highlanders were at Derby.' After we got to the head of the Haymarket through incessant fire, the Doctor led me by narrow lanes, where we met nobody but a few boys at a pitiful bonfire, who very civilly asked us for sixpence, which I gave them. I saw not Smollett again for some time after, when he showed Smith and me the manuscript of his 'Tears of Scotland,' which was published not long after, and had such a run of approbation."

There were very few of the celebrities of that age Dr. Carlyle did not meet and know. The volume abounds with personal anecdotes, and little medallion portraits. Indeed, this is quite a distinguishing characteristic of the book. They are by no means painted on ivory, but in the bold, rapid touch of the memory of some old meeting. Our octogenarian brings vividly before the eye of the reader the notables of all ranks—Dukes, Marquises, and Earls; John Home, the author of "Douglas," David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Fergusson, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Blair. He knew David Garrick well, and tells us incidentally, that when he was returning from Leyden, he had in the same boat with him the celebrated dancer Violetti, who afterwards became the wife of Garrick. He saw Garrick act, and records—"I thought I could conceive something more perfect in tragedy, but in comedy he completely filled up my ideas of perfection." He heard the great Lord Chatham speak, "with that commanding eloquence in which he excelled, for half-an-hour, with an overpowering force of persuasion, more than the clear conviction of argument. With all our admiration of Pitt's eloquence, which was surely of the highest order, Robertson and I felt the same sentiment, which was the desire to resist a tyrant, who, like a domineering schoolmaster, kept his boys in order by raising their fears without wasting argument upon them." He met Franklin, when that great apostle of prudence was in England. He knew John Wilks very well. He heard Dr. Dodd preach: here is the occasion—

"Before I began my operations relative to the window-tax, I witnessed something memorable. It being much the fashion to go on a Sunday evening to a chapel of the Magdalen Asylum, we went there on the second Sunday we were in London, and had difficulty to get tolerable seats for my sister and wife, the crowd of genteel people was so great. The preacher was Dr. Dodd, a man afterwards too well known. The unfortunate young women were in a latticed gallery, where you could only see those who chose to be seen. The preacher's text was, 'If a man look on a woman to lust after her,' &c. The text itself was shocking, and the sermon was composed with the least possible delicacy, and was a shocking insult on a sincere penitent, and fuel for the warm passions of the hypocrites. The fellow was handsome, and delivered his discourse remarkably well for a reader. When he had finished, there were unceasing

whispers of applause, which I could not help contradicting aloud, and condemning the whole institution, as well as the exhibition of the preacher, as *contra bonos mores*, and a disgrace to a Christian city."

Through singularly eventful days lived Dr. Carlyle. He was born in the year 1722. In the year 1800 he began to write this autobiography; but he did not bring it down to a lower period than 1770; the age of 48. Late in life Sir Walter Scott met him. As he died in 1805, he could not know in Scott the great enchanter of the Waverley Novels; but the novelist hit off a graphic portrait of him:—

"Well, the grandest demigod I ever saw was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called *Jupiter Carlyle*, from having sat more than once for the King of Gods and Men to Gavin Hamilton; and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt; but no more a poet than his precentor."

And Scott's delineation was true, although Mr. Burton, the admirably judicious editor of this autobiography, attempts to make out a case for Carlyle's possession of "the gift and faculty divine." He interested himself indeed in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and in Southey's poems; and we must quote his criticism of Wordsworth's earlier, and then utterly despised poems, as a gem of criticism; but the reader will notice that it shows the possession of the perceptive power—the artist's eye—rather than the poet's conception or passion:—

"I must tell you, who I know will sympathise with me, that I was very much delighted indeed on the first sight of a new species of poetry, in 'The Brothers,' and 'The Idiot Boy,' which were pointed out to me by Carlyle Bell, as chiefly worthy of admiration. I read them with attention, and was much struck. As I call every man a philosopher who has sense and observation enough to add one fact relating either to mind or body to the mass of human knowledge, so I call every man a poet whose composition pleases at once the imagination and affects the heart. On reading 'The Brothers,' I was surprised at first with its simplicity, or rather flatness. But when I got a little on, I found it not only raised my curiosity, but moved me into sympathy, and at last into a tender approbation of the surviving brother, who had discovered such virtuous feelings, and who, by his dignified and silent departure, approached the sublime. After being so affected, could I deny that this was poetry, however simply expressed? Nay, I go farther, and aver that, if the narration had been dressed in a more artificial style, it would hardly have moved me at all.

"When I first read 'The Idiot Boy,' I must confess I was alarmed at the term as well as the subject, and suspected that it would not please, but disgust. But when I read on, and found that

the author had so finely selected every circumstance that could set off the mother's feelings and character, in the display of the various passions of joy and anxiety, and suspense and despair, and revived hope and returning joy, through all their changes, I lost sight of the term *Idiot*, and offered my thanks to the God of Poets for having inspired one of his sons with a new species of poetry, and for having pointed out a subject on which the author has done more to move the human heart to tenderness for the most unfortunate of our species than has ever been done before. He has not only made his *Idiot Boy* an object of pity, but even of love. He has done more, for he has restored him to his place among the household gods whom the ancients worshipped."

Surely we have said enough to show to our readers the great and varied interest of this volume. Before we lay it down, however, we will call attention to two or three other particulars.

A singular interest will attach itself to this book, as the record of the social usages and manners of the times; glimpses of Edinburgh life, of life on the Borders, of London life, of Manse life, of life in Scotland. In Edinburgh, especially, we think we have pretty accurate delineations from the master-hand of the author of "*Waverley*;" but if any readers suppose that the loose life of those days is overdrawn, let him look over these pages, and in very sober prose he will find the record of manners and customs, it is most gratifying to think, belonging entirely to a past age. No doubt, in all great cities, there is much to mend yet; but, for any respectable society, such a tavern as *Lucky Vint's*, and such recreations, are impossible. Hither, *Lords Lovat and Grange*, two old men of seventy, adjourned with young Carlyle; and the refreshments, on the whole, are anything but gratifying to our correct taste. Very curious are the accounts we hear of *Lord Grange* and the father of *Dr. Carlyle*, passing together long hours of prayer and theological discussion, and then sitting down to drunkenness. Getting tired, however, of the religious half of the entertainment, *Grange* would disappear altogether, and give himself up entirely to a life of debauchery with the hard drinking and dissolute livers of Edinburgh. This alternating life between prayer and pious conversation, and lewdness and immorality—"Some men are of opinion," says *Dr. Carlyle*, "such men could not be equally sincere in both. I am apt to think that they were, for human nature is capable of wonderful freaks. There is no doubt of their profligacy; and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears during the whole of a sacramental Sunday, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part. The natural casuistry of the passions grants dispensations with more facility than the Church of Rome."

Or what will our readers think of an agreeable tour young Carlyle made round the country, with his father and *Mr. Robert Jardine*, minister of *Lochmaben*. He says they were very orthodox and pious clergymen; but they had both of them a great turn for fun and buffoonery!

To heighten their merriment, they took along with them another minister, a sort of daft body, with whom they could use every sort of freedom, and who was their constant butt. Carlyle confesses, he thought the entertainment very dull; but they turned their wigs hind-side foremost, and they diverted the children and made the maids titter. Among other places, they came to Bridekirk, and here is a little picture of the domestic manners of the day:—

“The laird was gone to Dumfries, much to our disappointment; but the lady came out, and, in her excess of kindness, had almost pulled Mr. Jardine off his horse; but they were obstinate, and said they were obliged to go to Kelhead; but they delivered up Mess John Allan to her, as they had no further use for him. I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster-women of Prestonpans. She was like a serjeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of a Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer-glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr. Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy-bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example: she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle: she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient.”

We do not remember that there is much exception taken to these practices of Scotchmen; but, remarking upon the bad wine he was so unfortunate as to find at Harrowgate, Dr. Carlyle says—“John Bull has little taste, and does not much care, for, provided he goes to bed muzzy, whether it be with his own native drink, ale, or unsophisticated port, he is perfectly contented.” We don't doubt the truth of the statement, so far as John was concerned; but, certainly, “going to bed muzzy,” was even still more necessary to Sandy.

And mentioning Harrowgate, what a glimpse we catch of the life of the 'times at English watering-places. Our Doctor records two visits there in 1763; and some few years later, he stayed at the Dragon Inn. Harrowgate, at that time, was a very pleasant place, and so, indeed, it is now; but then it furnished the best entertainment of any watering-place in Britain at the least expense.

“The house we were at was not only frequented by the Scotch at this time, but was the favourite house of the English nobility and

gentry. Breakfast cost gentlemen only 2d. a-piece for their muffins, as it was the fashion for ladies to furnish tea and sugar; dinner, 1s.; supper, 6d.; chambers, nothing; wine and other extras at the usual price, and as little as you please; horses and servants at a reasonable rate. We had two haunches of venison twice a week during the season. The ladies gave afternoon's tea and coffee in their turn, which, coming but once in four or five weeks, amounted to a trifle. The estates of the people at our table did not amount to less than £50,000 or £60,000 per annum, among whom were several members of Parliament; and they had not had the precaution to order one newspaper among them all, though the time was critical; but Andrew Millar, the celebrated bookseller, supplied that defect, for he had two papers sent to him by every post, so that all the baronets and great squires—your Sir Thomas Claverings, and Sir Harry Grays, and Drummond of Blairdrummond—depended upon and paid him civility accordingly; and yet when he appeared in the morning, in his old well-worn suit of clothes, they could not help calling him Peter Pamphlet; for the generous patron of Scotch authors, with his city wife and her niece, were sufficiently ridiculous when they came into good company. It was observed, however, that she did not allow him to go down to the well with her in the chariot in his morning dress, though she owned him at dinner-time, as he had to pay the extraordinaries."

Before we lay down the volume, we must notice the singular absence of all feeling of regard or reverence for the sacred office he held, evinced in this Autobiography of Dr. Carlyle. At the time he wrote this book he was an octogenarian; but there is not one thought or expression of reverential love or homage to the Providence which had spared his life—acknowledgment of the love, and mercy, and sacrifice of a Redeemer, never, by any remote possibility of suggestion or association, crosses a page. It is shocking to think that the book really shows far less faith than that of a pagan, far more indifference, even, than that of a sceptic. David Hume heard him preach in Athelstaneford church for John Horne: when they met before dinner, "What did you mean?" said the sceptic to the clergyman, "by treating John's congregation to-day to one of Cicero's Academics? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian." Carlyle puts it down as an instance of David's good-natured pleasantry; we rather see in it a piece of well-merited satire and reproof. The Kirk of Scotland had three classes of clergymen—the Mods, or Moderate Party, the Mids, and the Mad. Carlyle belonged to the Mods; and surely, if he is a representative man, as no doubt he may be regarded, a graceless race they were. We have seen something of the bibulous capacity of the holy and orthodox ministers in the account of the bouse above. At a later period, Carlyle was cited before the Presbytery for his love of theatres; "and for that he did, without necessity, keep company and eat and drink with actors and actresses." We fear he belonged to the number who fell beneath the heavy ob-

jurgations of Douce Davie Deanes : "I ken them weel ; they are a' carnal, crafty, and warld-hunting self-seekers, Yerastitians, and Armenians—every ane o' them. It is but a fashion of integrity that ye will find amang them, and a fashion o' wisdom and a fashion o' carnal learning ; gazing glancing glasses they are, fit only to fling the glacks in folk's e'en, in their pawky policy and periods of eloquence frae heathen emperors and popish canons." A curious illustration of the pulpit morality of the times is furnished in the history of the sermon borrowed by George Logan from Carlyle to preach before the Presbytery !

But we must close this volume of delightful reading. Whatever lessons it may teach—whatever illustrations it may give of personal or social character, there can be no doubt about the interest of the book. It is written with a hard, concise brevity—only once does the writer's pen approach tenderness, and then the picture is touching and perfect. It is when he records the death of his wife, a year and a half before his own. This is, however, not in the Autobiography, but in the supplementary chapter ; he says :—"She composed her features into the most placid appearance, gave me her last kiss, and then gently going out like a taper in its socket, breathed her last. No finer spirit ever took its flight from a clay tabernacle to be united with the Father of all and the spirits of the just."

Our readers will procure this book, and go through its pages for themselves. While they admire its power of graphic delineation of person and of character, and are interested in the traditional veil which it at once lifts, and with which it interests the reader, we have no doubt all with us will rejoice, that with all our social sins and defects of ministerial character, we may congratulate our age upon the possession of something purer and more earnest than that described by, or embodied in, the "Autobiography of Jupiter Carlyle."

V.

POETRY OF THE MONTH.*

WE have here two very different volumes of poetry ; each, in its way, containing many beauties, but springing from a very different soil. Mr. Bennett's volume is born of a reverent and loving spirit, enjoying the world, and especially the social affections of the English fireside. Miss Proctor's volume, on the contrary, contains, we believe, not one piece which can truly be called cheerful ; there is an elegiac strain through all, sadness and disappointment. Readers of her previous volume will be prepared to expect this ; but we fear we must say that the present has also a morbid taint, as if sorrows had not only been felt, but hugged to the heart too closely, we dare not say simulated. We have here, however, many thoughts, the production of suffering, and the feeling is usually very tender, and frequently touchingly so. This is always dangerously near to the sentimental, and we fear we must say, again, Miss Proctor has not entirely escaped the taint.

More, too, than the previous volume, this bears the trace of Mrs. Browning's influence upon the heart and mind of the author. Her turns of thought often meet us. We think we miss a certain freshness and buoyancy of heart in these verses. We seem to be listening to the confession of a nun ; but then if the nun never goes beyond her convent, her cell, her church, and the grate of her confessional, and still persists in revolving the old story—the old disappointment—let her vary the tale as she will, and add to it all her meditations upon it, it will become a very irksome confession. Nay, she perhaps begins to idealise mentally, while yet she keeps only her walk beneath the lime tree's shade, and thus inevitably sentiment will take the place of reality. A sorrow which might have had divine uses settles down upon the lees of mere selfishness. From the poem called "Light and Shade," we infer that Mrs. Browning's "Vision of Poets" is not strange to Miss Proctor. Will she pardon us if we say, that a right perception of its doctrine might strengthen the teaching of her own verse. But having said so much, we may with pleasure confess that many of the pieces have been read with enjoyment. The poems as a whole flow along like a stream, with a quiet murmur—greeting as it goes, unable to move very rapidly—deep, and not always clear. Yet these poems cannot be said to sound the depths of the human heart ; they rather express some of its very common feelings. Common sorrows and ordinary reverses of the soul are turned into a solemn hymn, like music, sometimes a story and sometimes a homily. This i

* *Legends and Lyrics. A Book of Verses: By Adelaide Anne Proctor* Second Volume. London: Bell and Daldy, 186 Fleet-street.

II. *The Worn Wedding Ring, and other Poems. By W. C. Bennett.* London Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly.

just the point, however, in which we doubt the perfectness of the impression. Has Miss Proctor really found life to be dressed in such a suit of sables? The great inspiration of the song is ever woe and resignation; very plaintive is the note frequently, but it is still one long-continued wail of a heart knowing its own bitterness. Here, for instance, is a very pretty little thing called

EXPECTATION.

The King's three daughters stood on the terrace,
The hanging terrace, so broad and green,
Which keeps the sea from the marble Palace,
There was Princess May, and Princess Alice,
And the youngest Princess, Gwendoline.

Sighed Princess May, "Will it last much longer,
Time throbs so slow, and my heart so quick;
And oh, how long is the day in dying;
Weary am I of waiting and sighing,
For Hope deferred makes the spirit sick."

But Princess Gwendoline smiled and kissed her:—
"Am I not sadder than you, my sister?
Expecting joy is a happy pain.
The Future's fathomless mine of treasures,
All countless hordes of possible pleasures,
Might bring their store to my feet in vain."

Sighed Princess Alice as night grew nearer:—
"So soon, so soon, is the daylight fled!
And oh, how fast comes the dark to-morrow,
Who hides, perhaps, in her veil of sorrow,
The terrible hour I wait and dread!"

But Princess Gwendoline kissed her, sighing,—
"It is only Life that can fear dying;
Possible loss means possible gain.
Those who still dread are not quite forsaken;
But not to fear, because all is taken,
Is the loneliest depth of human pain."

But to one gifted and graced as is the writer of these verses, it would be impossible for any disappointment to come alone. The sternest sadness of life to the Christian heart is accompanied by Hope. We could wish, and we sincerely say it, that Miss Proctor had, in her poems, spoken more of the Forerunner—of "that within the veil"—for, we have no doubt, that to her mind these do solve the problem of suffering, while they give resolve also to the heart of the sufferer. The vainest egotism in the world is to dwell merely upon the delineation of our own woes; but to describe them to others, that they may see at once the depth of them and realise the method of our extrication, such confession becomes Divine ministration. Such confessions differ as widely as those of the self-torturing sophist, Rousseau, and those of the great father of the Church—Augustine. In

Miss Proctor's poems there is much that is confession, and much that readers who are able to receive it will find to be ministration. But, with this also, there is a touch of the bitterness and unbelief, and of faithlessness in life.

Miss Proctor's and Mr. Bennett's volumes reached us at the same moment, but a greater difference cannot be well conceived than between the two. Mr. Bennett's verses are well known by us, and we have before now said our hearty commendatory word upon them; they are the productions of a happy, cheerful nature, to whom life has brought all its best things, and taken few away. His verses, so flowing along like a merry brook, occasionally detained, it may be, for a few moments, and compelled to wear upon its wavelets a deeper shadow from some overhanging tree, or brooding village, or darker bay, but hastening on again, as fast as possible, into the open space, the sunshine, and the buoyant air and light; a hearty appreciation of all graceful and beautiful things—not merely the cold critical eye to perceive, but the heart to feel beauty as well—for whom travel has done a little, and books more. Happy husband, happy father, lively and free, in his, no doubt, happy home, and with no disposition to see the dark things of life, and therefore no power to interrogate them. We do not think that this volume will add to Mr. Bennett's reputation; certainly, it will not diminish it. We have no baby poetry here; and Mr. Bennett is the acknowledged and crowned laureate of babies. We may suppose that Mr. Bennett writes poetry for amusement, and he certainly possesses the power to confer pleasure; but he might do, we think, higher and better things than he has yet done. We do not depreciate his performances; but they mostly rather reveal power to do better things. He has a fine eye for nature—lines of very graphic description—description which shows heart-work and artist-work are here. He has, also, a fine eye for art; he has, also, which in these days is a more rare faculty, reverence before noble men and teachers—he rather stands in homage than in impertinent unbelief—all these are indications of power to do more than he has done. Sometimes, we think, we find in him the power to be awed, and to awaken awe. In the verses "By the Sea," there is much that reminds us of Byron; but, no doubt, Mr. Bennett felt all he says—

Thy fellows are the eternal air,
The might of storms—the stars—the night,
The winds thy wastes of waves that tear,
The sun, and the great joy of light.
These share thy life; these, but the nod
Of Him thou tremblest at, obey;
These tell with thee the power of God;
His ministers, with thee, are they.

Awful art thou when thou dost lie,
Sun-tawny, crouch'd upon thy sands,
Breathing the stillness of the sky,
Fawning upon the trembling lands;

Then, from thy couchant vastness, man
Such dumb and wondering terror drinks,
As through Thebes, hush'd and ashen, ran,
Gazing upon the breathing Sphynx.

But, when beneath the awful skies,
Storm-darken'd, in thy chainless might,
White with wild wrath, thou dost arise,
How are men scattered in thy sight!
Then woe to those, the things of breath,
Mortals by whom thy depths are trod:
Thou giv'st them and their vaunts to death:
They know thee for the scourge of God.

Dust of the dust, we come—we pass,
But fleeting shadows, of time born,
By time devour'd, shades thou dost glass
In thy eternity—thy scorn.
Earth changes; ages are not; thou
Wert, art, and still shall be the same,
Vast, boundless, changeless, endless now
As when light first upon thee came.

And still, as when through brooding night
The first grey sunrise heard thee raise
Thy thundrous hymn, through gloom, through light,
On high goes up thy voice of praise.
Thou symbol of thy Maker's power,
Thou giv'st to man's eyes, faint and dim,
His might—His majesty; each hour,
In calm, in storm, thou speak'st of Him.

We are the playmates of thy waves,
Rock'd into greatness on thy breast;
Thou giv'st us all things—riches, graves,
Conquests, and all thy wild unrest.
We feel thy salt spray in our veins,
Thy tameless spirit in our souls;
Through the free thoughts of our free brains,
Through our free speech thy thunder rolls.

Yet thou art death's; thou, too, shalt be
Its prey, with earth and time, at last.
We die to live; the heavens shall see
Thy end; thou, too, shalt join the past.
Greater, O Sea, are we than thou:
I, when thy mighty life is o'er,
I, deathless, then shall be as now,
Immortal, when thou art no more.

The "Worn Wedding Ring" is very prettily and tenderly said. We quote only a verse or two—

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too,
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here,
Young faces round our fire, that make their mother's yet more dear,
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like thy loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, bless'd be God! all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every precious life, lent to us, still is found;
Though care we've known, with hopeful hearts, the worst we've struggled through;
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was new!

But, after reading these pleasant verses of a cheerful soul, successful
and bearing no traces of world-disappointment, Miss Proctor's volume
awards us a still more touching expression of sadness. Of all the
things which make Mr. Bennett's book bright and cheerful, perhaps
not one is to be found in its companion. No rapture before nature,
no descriptive touches of art; but far better, there is "the evidence
of things not seen,"—the endurance which abides for that which
shall be.

We must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven:—
Oh, Love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light,
With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night;
For, in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth, and
power—
Slow growths that through long ages came, or fruits of some convulsive hour,
Whose very memory must decay—Heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete: their work is done. So let them sleep in endless rest.
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest;
It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe,
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know
What was our Life of Life when here—the hearts we loved so much below;
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But love is no such soulless clod: living, perfected, it shall rise
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies:
And that which makes this life so sweet, shall render Heaven's joy complete.

In the same spirit of suffering and enduring effort for the life to
come, runs the poem called "Maximus"—

MANY, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne He gave;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will,—
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I prize the instinct that can turn
From vain pretence with proud disdain;
Yet more I prize a simple heart
Paying credulity with pain.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A Crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the Martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater Conqueror in His sight.

With one more quotation, entitled "A Lost Chord," we close our extracts from this beautiful volume, full of sweet things for sympathising health and gladness, to read by the fireside, or sick-bed of sorrow and suffering.

SEATED one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
 Like love overcoming strife;
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence,
 As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 That came from the soul of the Organ,
 And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again,
 It may be that only in Heaven
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

VI.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, AND REVIEWERS.*

"I THINK Crab, my dog, be the sourest natured dog that lives," says Launcelot, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." We hope that this is not a suitable character for reviewers in general; but it certainly is for the *Saturday Review* in particular. Reviewers have been guilty of some grim business in their day, but never was there such a Draco of a fellow as this; a perfect Fee-fo-fum in the craft. Often have we said, "has this fellow no feeling of his business?" No doubt a lofty aim nerves the hand which holds the knife for scalping, or the spade for digging a grave for a reputation. But sometimes, almost with tears, we could have besought the stern reviewers to "do their spiriting a little more gently." The judge does not joke when he puts on the black cap. We would have fain implored our Three-fingered Jack, in the midst of the agonies he was compelled to inflict, to remember that mercy is beautiful alike in gods and men. Alas, we know that such entreaty would be all in vain, and more than Roman inflexibility would forbid the concession to tenderness.

Our readers must have heard of Attic salt. But ah! did they ever hear of Attic mustard? Well, the real thing is to be met with in the *Saturday Review*—that's the firm for Attic mustard—

* *Saturday Review*, 1860.

Attic mustard and pepper; indeed, the able Editor must be a kind of Attic cruet—a cruet where all the condiments may be found: pepper, mustard, vinegar, and salt; all things, minus the oil and the sugar. Sweet things, and soothing things, are an abomination to the able Editor; savoury pungency, rather than confectionary, is in his line. *Force, force*,—this is what, like all great men, the able Editor cultivates. Indeed, it is a very well authenticated fact, that in order to the production of any one of these papers, the Editor calls a committee of the castors and the cruets; thus they all meet together like a committee of high-seasoned pundits, while the Editor calls on vinegar or pepper, as the case may be, to impart of his peculiar seasoning to the article. It must be admitted, that all the pungencies are mixed here very proportionably. Not that usually there is any meat for the seasoning; it is seasoning, and nothing more, in which, very unpleasantly, the able Editor will have, over all other tastes, the taste of *mustard*.

And the able Editor, who is he? Is Tom Sayers in orders? Is there a Rev. Thomas Sayers, M.A., Oxen.? There is in the thing much of the spirit of that illustrious and gifted man; those eulogies upon him, and that distinguished battle.* They seemed

* The *Saturday Review* was one of the most interested defenders of the disgraceful prize-fight. These are some of its opinions:—

“That Sayers should have fought so long and so beautifully as he did is the greatest triumph of the art of which he has been the worthy chief; and it is a proof, which his countrymen will not soon forget, that he possesses, in the fullest measure, all those qualities which, in more deadly conflicts, have shed imperishable glory on his country's arms. We might say much, if it were necessary, in defence of prize-fighting, but we will content ourselves with saying this—the when British soldiers cease to feel the interest they showed in this famous battle they will forfeit at the same time their character for unrivalled prowess. And an equal tribute of praise and admiration is surely due to the gallant spirit which brought Heenan across the ocean and sustained him until he fully learned the scope of his own tremendous powers. But who, let us ask, is Heenan? He was born of Irish parents in America. The blood which flows in his veins is that which has been poured so freely on every battle-field where the armies of the Queen have triumphed. Indeed, the difference between the rivals is only this—the parents of both were Irish, but the one couple migrated to England, and the other to the United States. Sayers and Heenan in the prize-ring, and Marshal M'Mahon and O'Donnell at the head of armies, appear to have derived their pugnacity from the same prolific soil. Not that we would attempt to rob America of any portion of the honour won for her in this splendid contest. Sayers most amply justified the confidence which his countrymen reposed in him. A more accomplished, enduring and courageous boxer never wore the belt of champion. We trust the combatants and their friends will feel that enough has been done and suffered for the honour of the men and of the countries which gave them birth.”—*Saturday Review*, April 21, 1860. Art., “The Fight for the Championship.”

And here, the previous week, is another gem of enlightened morality, biblical criticism, and hortatory remark:—

to us, to proceed from too partial a pen. We said, instinctively, the hand of a relation is here, if not the great Sayers himself. Funny fellow, how he pats his pets on the back, or squares and bullies at his foes; indeed, it must be confessed, a classical Tom Sayers—but still Tom Sayers. Can our readers inform us, was Tom Sayers ever at Oxford? for Oxford has known strange fellows in its time. And here we have one who is quite disposed to carry the fast life of Oxford into the editorial columns; and the bully shakes hands with the scholar; and a knowledge of Greek is not only supposed to be a very pretty and sufficient set-off for ignorance of everything belonging to the world of common sense, but a very necessary language to swear in; indeed, if we may say so, of so able a paper, is it not true, that we may find in its columns some fine illustrations of pot-house oratory, and also pedantic ignorance?

And yet, in the midst of it all, the creature is droll; oh! very droll. It believes in itself, after a fashion; not in any sacred sort of way. Indeed, sanctity of any sort and our Review would be a queer kind of marriage, Harlequin and Niobe. But the drollery of the creature is mainly to be found in this—its aim to be an universal utterance upon all things; and especially, among others, religious things and affairs. Sometimes it talks so piously

“In a country where it is known that honour and property are only safe so long as its citizens are ready to fight in their defence, the nature which loves fighting for its own sake will always command respect. A man like Tom Sayers, who left his business as a bricklayer from mere devotion to boxing, possesses, we may say, a character which, in proportion as it prevails among Englishmen, will make this country feared abroad and safe at home. We hope and believe that there are many thousands like him in strength and spirit, but sticking to their business, whatever it be, steadily, and yet ready for a fight with any one who may think fit to challenge them, and looking upon the use of arms, not as a disagreeable duty, but as a pleasant interlude in the daily routine of life.

“It may surprise some persons, but it is nevertheless true, that Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated. For what, let us ask, is the course of training which these champions must undergo at their country quarters during the weeks which precede the fight? The first principle necessary to be observed is ‘to keep the body in temperance, soberness, and chastity.’ Indeed, the leading rules which guide the judicious trainer might almost all be found in the New Testament. ‘To keep under the body, and bring it into subjection,’ is a precept of which no one knows the value better than the successful prize fighter. The maxim, ‘so run that ye may obtain,’ is frequently forgotten by the candidates for literary and scientific and forensic eminence, but never by the aspirant to the honour of the champion’s belt. The boxer knows that he is nothing without training, and accordingly he trains diligently. But, as the *Oracle of the Ring* puts it, ‘the mass of mankind who indulge in excesses of every kind—in too much eating, drinking sleep, sloth, smoking, &c.—would go through the task of life, would discharge their respective duties much better, far quicker, and with vastly greater ease to themselves, did they submit to training.’”

you could almost imagine that the thing had left off being a mere jackanapes; till, lo! while you are admiring a sort of sacramental fervour, it turns to, ready for anything, a dish of the peculiarly high-flavoured English from Billingsgate, or impudence of a Gascon, or a flunkey. Yes, in fact, this is a very droll deliverance in our age. True, some things are blasphemous and horrible enough; for instance, the wish (to which we may refer presently) for a renewed exhibition of Baal worship in England, in preference to more Christian forms of devotion not connected with Church of Englandism.

It would be a curious and instructive study, if possibly one could get at the religion of our able Editor. We are not inclined to be very impertinent or intrusive into the sanctuary of a man's private opinions; but when he becomes troublesome, and makes a bluster about the bad conduct of other people's houses, one is much inclined to say, "Well, brother, let us look at yours." Now, our able Editor would describe his religion best certainly by negations—there are so many things he *isn't*; but it would be difficult to find one he *is*. A good deal of the sophist appears. Keep some Oxfordisms out of sight, and he most likely would tell you there is very much to be said on both sides of the question. Sometimes, we really don't know whether we are reading the prelections of an atheist playing at Puseyism, or a Puseyite confounded into atheism. But we may defy any reader to escape from the conviction that the paper not only represents one, but both. A somewhat too much maligned contemporary has baptised it the "Saturday Sadducee." It is very true. Manufacturing its wooden god and paper deity, and then writing bitter leaders, because some people won't worship before the hopeful shekinah it sets up in the temple of its *very* peculiar people. Indeed, it does not aim to be English, but Oxfordish; and so far as Oxford is concerned, it aims to please everybody; always premising that everybody is High Church. Having no particular conscience, it has a good word to say for the broadest-of-the-broad Church party; and it is not wanting in a word, now and then, of encouraging approbation for Bryan King—a valuable and necessary man for some emergencies. It is not wanting in liberality to any man of the proper High Church school. He may be doubtful in his doctrine or in his discipline; that matters very little. The great aim indeed of the "Slippery Saturday"—as some person, rather irreverently, called it one day in our hearing—is to keep within the Church all things quiet, snug, and comfortable. Nothing provokes the able Editor's ire more, than any little reasonable attempt to reform some of the usages of the Church of England.

"We confess that it would be scarcely worth the trouble of a fight to urge claims to the *status* of an Establishment on behalf of a clergy whose bishops had no Greek, and whose deans and rectors were of the Close and Curling type—Mr. Curling, who recently raved at a public meeting convened in a church at Southwark to 'sympathise with the members of St. George's-in-the-East.' But whatever people may think of chants and copes, we are not going to pull them down to put Little Bethel in their stead. A Tower Hamletized Church would be something more serious and more lasting than even Mr. Bryan King's unwise experiments in chasubles. And we are glad to observe the growth, large as rapid, of a feeling that the Establishment is seriously menaced by an interest to which we are not disposed to give influence in a wider sphere than it already holds. We have not the slightest objection to Bethesda and Dr. Watts' Hymns for those who like them, but we have the strongest dread of those who are the representatives of Ebenezer being the dominant representatives, and the sole teachers of us, our wives, and children." *

A queer illustration the *Saturday Review* gives of the "woe to the man by whom the offence cometh," in reference to the St. George's-in-the-East riots:—"It is a fact that Mr. King did most of the things, which are now so offensive, for several years without let or hindrance, until he happened to get embroiled with Mr. Hugh Allen. The *post hoc* may not be the *propter hoc*, but Mr. Allen has to account to all the right feeling of England for the fact that the St. George's-in-the-East riots and his election to a lectureship so accurately synchronise!" Poor Hugh Allen! England and London would have known nothing of chasubles and copes but for his atrocious interference. He has sadly disturbed poor old Mother.

An illustration of the way in which all attempts at Reform within the Church are met by the *Saturday Review*, is its treatment of Lord Ebury's motion for the amendment of the Prayer Book:—

"If people do not like the Prayer Book, they are not compelled to listen to it, or to join in it—if they do like it, neither Lord Ebury nor the 480 clergymen who pull his strings have a right to deprive them of it. The 480 clergymen may follow the example of the Norwich dignitary, who took fifty years to screw his courage to the sticking-place, and to throw away at last the orange which he had squeezed for half a century; and the long and the short of it is, that it is a question to be settled on pure Benthamite principles. As 480 are to 10,000, so is the Royal Commission to the *status in quo*. Those who don't like it may leave it; and with those who do like it we have

* *Saturday Review*, March 10, 1860. Art., "The Church Establishment."

no right to interfere. If 10,000 clergy wanted a new Prayer Book, they would not need Lord Ebury's help ; and as they do not require a new church, they must be only set down with that numerous class who know, if not when they are well off, at least what they are stupid enough to be content with. We should recommend to Lord Ebury to go on his way, like many other Reformers, pitying the poor imbecile bigots who don't know their own interests or their own tastes ; and as time seems to hang wearily on his hands, we would advise him to construct a Reformed Ritual for his own household, or to build a chapel, which there is no law on earth to prevent, and he can then hire a Levite who may be contented to shut the Prayer Book when the boys, home for the holidays, begin to gape."*

Can't ye let mother alone, and go away? Cool enough and impudent. All this, and something like it, is frequently alleged ; but our friends should remember that the Prayer Book is a national institution. The Church is founded on the Prayer Book. Every Englishman, therefore, Churchman or Dissenter, is right in *seeking* any such modification of its views or expressions, as may make his position in the Church more pleasant and conscientious if there, or enable him to return to it if he has left it.

For some remarkable things the *Saturday Review* has said, some good words, in the period of its brief existence. There is a custom, much more general in its operation than many dwellers in our large towns are aware of, the refusing to let a farm to any farmer who shall dare to attend a meeting-house of any description. We ourselves lived in the next village for many years, to one, where this time-honoured usage obtained. Its rector-landlord exacted from every tenant—the farmers in writing, the labourers in verbal promise—that they should attend the parish church. In some villages we have known, the custom is still more binding, prohibiting even any prayers to be read in the farm when the persons present shall exceed a certain number. In Wales last year, a Miss Morrice, a lady of considerable estate in Cardiganshire, made herself conspicuous by her tyranny in this particular. Our friend had a remarkable deliverance on this occasion—it is worth while referring to that article ;† it is a precious specimen of casuistry. As to “conscience,” with its accustomed sneering daring, it soon gets rid of any difficulty growing out of that matter. “This unhappy word ‘conscience,’ as everybody knows, only means in practice everybody's own view ;” and then Miss Morrice finds in the *Saturday Review* an able defender :—“We presume it is not intended to say that

* See *Saturday Review*, Lord Ebury's Motion. 1860.

† *Saturday Review*, Oct. 6, 1860, No. 258, Article—Religious Intolerance.

Miss Morrice ought to be compelled by Act of Parliament to take Ranters and Jumpers for her tenants. Had Miss Morrice and her clerical friend only kept their own counsel, and quietly evicted the Calvinistic Baptists and the Sanballats of Cardiganshire, nobody would have been a bit the wiser! To compel Miss Morrice to take or keep any tenants would be in itself persecution. If Miss Morrice is to be held up to anything but ridicule for her freaks, we must say that an Act of Parliament ought to be passed to suppress the present practice of the congregation of Rehoboth Chapel dealing for their groceries and flour with the elders of that respectable and conscientious society." But this is just a loophole through which we get a little light upon the worn-out traditions about acting up to, or according to the light of, convictions from time to time; we do get some information through these *Saturday* columns, giving to us the latest upon this desultory talk; and from this it does appear, plainly enough, that the most ridiculous of all talk is that about the immutability of morality. To *Saturday* Reviewers it is clear that morality is, after all, only expediency, convenience. Civilization is average respectability.

Great is the ire of the *Saturday Review* against Mr. Spurgeon; indeed, he is to them their standing topic for a leader when topics are few. The invention of the able Editor is considerable; but take away John Bright from the first half of their columns during the last year, and Mr. Spurgeon from the second, and he would have to exercise some additional ingenuity in looking about for subjects. Mr. Spurgeon is so well able to justify himself on all occasions, that we need put ourselves to no degree of exertion to become his apologists. We only refer to the matter for pointing the contrast—what eulogies are heaped upon that wondrous fane, St. Margaret's, on which art and architectural taste have lavished their thousands; high rank, and wealth and fashion, their large sums; that sentimental religionists to the number of a few hundreds, may be charmed; for the immense Metropolitan Tabernacle, where all the strong, rugged souls of Englishmen and English women go to learn the way of eternal life more perfectly, the able editor has only article upon article expressive of his scorn. Let the reader also notice, that with all the scorn, some envy also is mixed, giving very considerable flavour to the articles. True, there is great desire to bring into contempt the voluntary system. Very shocking, thinks the able Editor, all this pleasing the people—this speaking to their tastes. Well, it might be replied, that it is certainly more amiable than speaking by the policeman, or by the soldier, which all Church of Englandism ultimately means. But the true reply, perhaps, is, that because the Church of the *Saturday* Reviewers has no interest in answering to the multitudes

the questions they would propose touching another world, it does not therefore follow that no answer should be attempted, meeting the mental and moral mind of the questioners. The rising of St. Margaret's and the Metropolitan Tabernacle at the same moment, is significant. We are not, like the Reviewers, about to satirise, or object to the taste which rears St. Margaret's, but if the majesty of a temple is to be proportioned to the multitudes that reared it, and the multitude finding within it their life, and truth, and way, we vote for St. Spurgeon's even before St. Margaret's. We condescend a little in noticing this. We may say in passing, we do not belong to the section of the Church of which Mr. Spurgeon is a minister; we know, indeed, something of the Rehoboths and Little Bethels, and Ebenezers, on which the *Saturday Reviewer* is so lavish with his ridicule and contempt, and he knows them as well as we know them. It would be a waste of paper to inform the able Editor that those Little Bethels are scattered over the whole land in villages and towns, each building costing from one to thirty thousand pounds—Mr. Baines's little Ebenezer, at which he flings his "dead wut," cost some ten thousand pounds. But all this is trivial talk; and there are those near to him, who could inform him, even of these things, better than we can. When men publicly abjure the possession of so troublesome a moral commodity as conscience, or conviction, all words are vanity; and yet one might suppose that even upon this pachydermatous astuteness it might come with the force of some sentiment akin to the sublime, the knowledge that all these buildings have risen by pence and pounds, freely given without one Government grant, or one Royal letter, or one Church-rate. The Church of England, indeed, in our age has done nobly, too, but only when she too has become a voluntary. Could the Church of England possibly be faithful to the doctrines of *Saturday Reviewers*—faithful merely to its own Articles, it would itself be dwarfed back to the stunted and withered life of the last age, before it began to tread in the ways of Nonconformists; and if the Churches were called neither by the names of Rehoboth, Little Bethel, or Ebenezer—none of which, perhaps, they could in that case deserve—well might they be denominated, such refuges as they would then have become, Caves of Adullam.

But why this hostility to Spurgeonism—this word is the Reviewer's own coining—and this hostility to all large concourses assembled together to hear preaching? The services in the theatres are reprobated again and again, as an unmingled calamity; but the services in Exeter Hall, and St. James's Hall—even those in the Abbey and in St. Paul's—it is hinted are almost equally calamitous;—but why? it may be asked. The gathering of multitudes together to

hear, has not been in Catholic countries, even, regarded thus. Our Reviewer opens the secret in a significant sentence, in which sympathy is expressed with Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Maurice, because they alike seem to maintain that religion cannot be apprehended by the common sense of mankind, or the people in general. Of course, we need not to inform our readers that all belief in the Holy Spirit, as guiding into truth, would be treated as a mere delusion and dream. This is singular, indeed, from men whose only conception of religion would seem to be the merest sensationism—genuine disciples of that delusion which Wordsworth so indignantly condemned when he said—

“Great God, I’d rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.”

In a number of passages, the outlook for man is one of mere despair. To these we may revert again presently: meantime, we believe we do no injustice to this Paper, which we may call the representation of the Theology of the Oxford Essays and Reviews, when we say that its teaching is, on the whole, that religion—certainly subjective, experimental religion—is impossible for the uncultivated and illiterate man. It is a very old teaching brought nearer home. That which, no doubt, was felt by the Humes, and Shaftesburys, and Voltaires of the last age is felt and taught now by those who profess to represent the religious life of a section—and that a very important section—of the community. Hence, the absurdity of all your appeals to the working classes; your talk to them about religion. Why, what avails it all? Their outer senses are uncultivated; they cannot convey any great generalizations to the mind; the race has no “*communis sensus*,” no sense beneath the senses by which it apprehends: and the idea of Divine aid—why, that is the raving of man in his delirium. Religion must be done outside of the man. Spurgeons, Exeter Hall assemblings, theatre preachings—all this is mere madness; it originates in madness, in those who first set the miserable ball rolling; and it ends in madness, in those who become the subjects of insane excitement—simply and only wrought upon by the senses. It is all fitting food for fun. Sometimes, indeed, the able Editor becomes rabid, and foams. Never accustomed to the exercise of much courtesy, at these times it goes altogether, and his language becomes the froth and the foam he condescends to: as was said of Jeffreys, the judge, “he goes along his way like Hannibal over the Alps, with vinegar and fire.” At other times, his language is droll and pitiable; when it reaches these periods,

it is not only contemptible, it is horrible. Here, for instance, we have a choice specimen of our Reviewer's manner, delivering himself upon the question of revivals, and especially upon a well-known occasion lately at Exeter Hall:—

“Baal's religion is quite as good as this, and better, too, because it is not an offence against the light. Wherever there is a grovelling superstition on the earth, wherever there is an unclean and devilish tyranny, it is not so bad as the religion enthroned at a revival meeting in Exeter Hall. Who is responsible for these excesses they best know who, whether in Ireland or in England, lend the sanction of authority, or connivance, to revivalism and special services in theatres. In any other country than this, such a scene as that of last Sunday would be a matter for police. Where the Can-can is not prohibited, those pious orgies and solemn hymns would scarcely be permitted; but, under Sir George Lewis's estimate of religion, an outrage either on public peace or public decency, if it pretends to a Gospel sanction, claims the right of sanctuary. All that we now want is to import other Oriental rites into the *culti* of revivalism. We have got the howling and dancing Dervish, we only want devotees to cut themselves with knives and lancets, and to fling themselves under the wheels of Lord Shaftesbury's carriage; while the Traviatas of the midnight meetings will be quite ready to revive the worship of Ashtaroath or Baal Peor at a moment's notice.”*

The full enunciation of these views extends, of course, over the whole paper; but there are two or three articles, in which the whole chemistry of the thing is contained. Several things have provoked our friends; among others, India and the Indian missionaries. A peculiarity of this wondrous Review is, that it cannot even praise gracefully: it always praises with a reserve, and a but. This is illustrated in its words about the first Baptist missionary; but, more especially, it reveals what we must call its hatred to Christianity, and to the propagation of Christian truth by the missionary, in subsequent articles. On every occasion, some degree of contempt is shown for the truly great Sir John Lawrence; and Lord Canning, the very height and type of a political Lilliputian, is extravagantly praised for his neutrality in refusing to sanction missionary preaching. And very curious the arguments are, too; precisely those which we should suppose would be urged against a State Church in England, are used to put down missionary preaching in India:—

“In such a state of things, it certainly does seem immeasurably undesirable that the State should undertake to commit itself to theo-

* *Saturday Review*, 267. Art. “Revivalism.”

logical propositions, the extent of which would only be equalled by their vagueness. To attempt to profess a religion without professing a creed, is an absurdity. If the English Government in India were to inform the people of India that Christianity was true, without informing them whether it meant Roman Catholic Christianity, Church of England Christianity, Greek Christianity, Baptist Christianity, or Unitarian Christianity, it would publish nothing more nor less than an unmeaning platitude. To do justice to those who are most earnest upon the subject, their proposal is not so vague as this. It has the merit of being definite enough; for it virtually consists in proposing that the Government should hold out to the natives of India the authorized version of the Bible as an ultimate, infallible, and sufficient exposition of their own views. The proposal, though ostensibly reasonable, is essentially monstrous. In the first place, this is not the doctrine of any Christian Church whatever. It would be impossible to extract it from the Thirty-nine Articles, and it is diametrically opposed both to the principles and to the practice of the Roman Catholics, who form a large proportion of our population. Why is the Government of India to take upon itself to assert to its subjects that the Song of Solomon and the Book of Esther are ultimate, absolute, and infallible truth; and that the Books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and the Maccabees are entitled to no authority at all? However true the proposition may be, it is one of which the Government of India officially knows nothing at all."

"There is one way, and one only, by which the Government can legitimately aid in the conversion of the natives; and that way, though the least showy, would be the most effective of all—namely, by example. Let the Government show a real zeal for the good of the people—let it administer justice with purity, keep the peace with inflexible rigour, raise the revenue mercifully, carry out great public works, roads, tanks, railways, and telegraphs, vigorously and boldly—and we may, perhaps, after several generations, lead the people of India to ask why these things are so? One main answer would be, that the nation which does these things has, for a thousand years past, been under the influence of a variety of creeds, societies, habits, and feelings, most of which may ultimately be traced back to certain transactions which occurred in Judea nearly 2,000 years ago. These influences, collectively, are called Christianity. It is impossible to define its essence, or exactly to trace its forms; but, wherever it is in vigour, in spirit, and in truth, righteousness and peace meet together, and justice and truth kiss each other. This would be governing India on Christian principles, in a very true and most important sense; and, if such a consideration may be alluded to here, would probably set the nation right before God, far more than any official publication of any theological dogma."*

And this expresses all that the world has to hope from the

* See *Saturday Review*, No. 195. July 23, 1859.

Saturday Reviewers; this is just the measure of it all; indeed,—we have a certain measure of faith, too, in the mere Deism of this article. But in this, as in many another teaching, it is especially fond of sneering at prayer.*

The science of Negations is extensively believed in, and practised, now-a-days; but that most admirable and satisfactory region of thought has no more faithful and consistent exponent and defender than the *Saturday Review*; it is, in truth, a perfect *Sneerers' Gazette*. From the first number to the last, it would, perhaps, be impossible to find one walk of usefulness—one branch of action, belief, or goodness, which had received from it the grace and favour of a smile; on the contrary, there are few objects and efforts for good which have not received the benediction of its sneer. A highwayman, who sets himself to shoot everybody he meets upon the road, may chance to hit somebody no better than himself; and even so it is with the *Saturday Review*. On one or two or three occasions it has hit hard some folly of the hour; but, even in such a case, you read with no pleasure. It is very true, that it has caught a humbug by the throat; but that's a chance; just as pleasantly it would seize and make a martyr of a saint: just as if a man, hunting the Apostles to death, killed Simon Magus; and so, indeed, slaughtered a friend without knowing it.

As an illustration of the way in which the satirist sometimes strikes a blow at a popular folly, we may instance the following, but they seldom wield so useful and innocuous a pen:—

“Finally, how miserably inadequate the prizes distributed on these occasions! Too paltry to be a real recompense of merit, they are, with all their paltriness, just useful enough to some poor creature to make him smother his pride and take a gift which burns or ought to burn his hand. Though he cannot afford to be squeamish, he knows in his heart he is ashamed. Blushing like a peony, hat in hand, and tugging at his grizzled hair with an indescribable look of confusion on his weatherbeaten countenance, Walter Wiggins, the father of the parish, is led up like a sheep to the sacrifice. *Consedere duces*. There sit the red-faced burly judges. Gracious heavens! what has Wiggins done that he wears that hang-dog air? What makes him feel so hot and uncomfortable? What crime has he committed that he should be presented in this awful way to his betters? Who is the pompous personage in the chair, and what is that pair of corduroys doing on the table? Heaven knows the poor fellow never was so utterly wretched in his life before, and would rather be gored by the squire's favourite bull than have the ceremony of walking up to go through again. ‘Wiggins,’ says the fattest of the gentlemen, eyeing

* *Saturday Review*, No. 239, May 26, 1860. Art., “Christianity in India.”

him as if he was some remarkable domestic animal, 'you are an honest fellow, and have shown that you know your station in life. Wiggins, an honest man, it has been well observed, is the noblest work of God. His lordship will shake hands with you, Wiggins. This is Walter Wiggins, my lord. A sovereign for you, Wiggins.' The fact is, humble worth and an industrious life never lose their reward. For fifty years, man and boy, winter and summer, in sunshine and in rain, this fine old English working man has toiled upon his master's farm, without an unloyal thought or a discontented wish. He has asked no favour, but to be allowed to rent some smoky cottage or other. He has taken no alms but a Christmas present from the squire. He has lived, as he will die, in the old place. Which of all the committee sitting there to patronise him has worked on so cheerily and so well with so few comforts? Well, merit is requited even here below. Virtue shines in uncontaminated corduroys at last. Wiggins has his guinea and his gorgeous apparel, that men may learn how Honesty brings its blessing in the long run. 'Bow to the gentlemen, Wiggins, and go down. Pass up the next farm labourer.'

"Such are thy rewards, O Virtue! O Morality, what atrocities do well-meaning people perpetuate in thy name! What old and faithful servant could undergo such an ordeal without a passing thought of the unworthiness of the part which he was playing? Let us ameliorate the moral condition of the labourer by all means, but not begin by taking from him the first element of all morality—self-respect. An air of patronage will ruin the best sermon. No man preaches well who preaches down upon his flock. Let him that is without blame among us, and none else, fling the first corduroys and guinea to be scrambled for by the worthiest of the poor. We may rely upon it the system is a rotten one. There are plenty of methods by which we may do good among the lower classes without claiming a right to bestow these degrading prizes as the return for well-spent lives."

There was once a foolish old fellow, for whom the able Editor would have felt only the profoundest pity or contempt, named John Newton, he used to say—"I see before me two great heaps in the world, one of happiness and one of misery. Now," said he, "if I can take one handful from the pile of misery, and add one to the pile of happiness, I think I have gained something." We fancy we see the sharp, curt sneer of our able Editor before this ridiculous utterance, and his hearty exclamation of "All bosh." If there is any thing for which our Editor has unmingled scorn, it is philanthropy—not merely rose-water philanthropy—all, every kind of effort to make man or society better, receives the same complimentary and hearty curse or

* See *Saturday Review*, Art., "Rewards of Virtue."

sneer. We should have thought that if any thing might have passed free from contempt, it might have been the Field-lane Ragged Schools and Night Refuges; for, indeed, there is no premium held out to pauperism there; it is just charity providing for the wretched for whom the workhouse will not provide; but our sardonic Reviewer only beholds in it unmingled evil, and, of course, food for fun. Everything ministers to fun, and the funniest thing to a *Saturday Reviewer* is the "social evil," a prostitute, or a Magdalen; the efforts made by the promoters of the "midnight meetings," and the promoters themselves, receive the weightiest blows of our able Editor, though. Reading these articles, our committee of castors and cruets, conceived above, seem to be transformed into a committee of seducers, resolved with all the heartless animalism of subsensual intelligence, to defend the time-honoured institution of the brothel; such men can say anything, but there are some faces whose very bronze would blush while writing such words as those we have printed in the notes below. We are not now to say to what extent we sympathise with that singular effort to do good. Goodness sometimes feels its way through many mistakes to the good it does, and blundering benevolence frequently commands our homage, where blaspheming beneficence only awakens our pity for the meanness which it would have us to regard as magnanimity.

In every way to which the thought of modern benevolence turns, the low square forehead of our able Editor scowls; he is a highly enlightened Gradgrind; this is all "what we want is facts." Only he won't accept all the facts, especially if they militate against any convenient pet theory. One thing he is clear upon—like "Mr. Filer," he is bent upon—that is, putting down all benevolence; especially does he love to travel out of his way to find some little hard-working society, perhaps having no establishment of paid secretary, or officers, but aiming to do a little to smooth away a sorrow. Now, that any body should try to do this at all is to the able editor very funny, but that it should be done freely is a piece of fun beyond belief. A society exists like the Aged Pilgrim's Friend, or the Aged Christian's Society; their work is slight, but it is good; to give to a poor old Christian; far enough from the workhouse, yet wanting many a little comfort to soothe and sweeten life and old age;—to give to this poor old believing, and praying, and respectable infirmity, even so small a sum as a shilling a week, seems to our poor demented and benighted nature not at all a funny thing; nay, such arrant idiots are we, that some aspects of the deed seem to us to be even divine—to give to the poor old creature the little offering which provides a little tea and sugar even, sets our able Editor's cachinatory faul-

ties in a roar over his bottle of port, or glass of brandy and water ; thus this advertisement :—

“SPECIAL APPEAL on behalf of the LONDON AGED CHRISTIAN SOCIETY, established 1826, for the Permanent Relief of the *decidedly Christian* Poor, of the age of 65 years and upwards, resident within five miles of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Committee are compelled by the urgency of the case to appeal to the Christian public for aid to raise a fund to enable them to replace the amount of Income lost by the lapse of the Long Annuities, which terminated last year, and in which several legacies had been invested. The loss to the Society by the failure of the above source of income is not less than £75 a-year.”

Well, the advertisement seems modest enough, natural enough ; the Society, a praiseworthy, quiet Society, doing as much good as possible with very small means : whereupon we are called upon to hear sneers about offering relief to “decided Christians”—sneers at “the experiences of the regenerate.” Here is the morsel called into print by the above advertisement :—

“Competitive examinations are undoubtedly the rage, but this competition of decisive Christianity beats anything that has yet been attempted in this line. How do they distinguish between a decided and an undecided Christian ? Is it the length of the face ? Or is there an *inimitable snuffle which an experienced Secretary recognises at first hearing* ? Do the candidates for a certificate of decisive Christianity give in a return of their attendances at church, distinguishing the days on which they kept awake through the sermon ? Or are they made to confide their experiences to the Secretary's private ear, he marking ‘regenerate’ and ‘unregenerate’ against their names, according to circumstances ? Generally, it is young ladies of the scrupulous age—seventeen to twenty-five—who pour these gushing confidences into the clerical bosom ; in which cases, no doubt, they must be very refreshing to a chastened spirit. But from elderly paupers of more than sixty-five years of age we should think it would be insipid. Besides, as the usual tests of regeneracy—abstinence from pink ribbons, dancing, and play-going—are not applicable to these poor old folks, it must be difficult even for the most experienced vessel to decide whether they are in a state of justification or not. But, whatever the Secretary's shibboleth may be, or that of the clergyman to whom he trusts, we are very certain that it must produce a crop of hypocrisy out of all proportion to the hunger it relieves. The set of poor women who go to Church regularly in consideration of the weekly dole of soup from the parsonage are very apt to be the worst characters in the parish. Madame de Maintenon thought she would convert the French court by reserving the Royal favour exclusively for ‘decided Christians,’ and the result was, that she trained up the generation who were the

sneer. We should have thought that if any thing might have passed free from contempt, it might have been the Field-lane Ragged Schools and Night Refuges; for, indeed, there is no premium held out to pauperism there; it is just charity providing for the wretched for whom the workhouse will not provide; but our sardonic Reviewer only beholds in it unmingled evil, and, of course, food for fun. Everything ministers to fun, and the funniest thing to a *Saturday* Reviewer is the "social evil," a prostitute, or a Magdalen; the efforts made by the promoters of the "midnight meetings," and the promoters themselves, receive the weightiest blows of our able Editor, though. Reading these articles, our committee of castors and cruets, conceived above, seem to be transformed into a committee of seducers, resolved with all the heartless animalism of subsensual intelligence, to defend the time-honoured institution of the brothel; such men can say anything, but there are some faces whose very bronze would blush while writing such words as those we have printed in the notes below. We are not now to say to what extent we sympathise with that singular effort to do good. Goodness sometimes feels its way through many mistakes to the good it does, and blundering benevolence frequently commands our homage, where blaspheming beneficence only awakens our pity for the meanness which it would have us to regard as magnanimity.

In every way to which the thought of modern benevolence turns, the low square forehead of our able Editor scowls; he is a highly enlightened Gradgrind; this is all "what we want is facts." Only he won't accept all the facts, especially if they militate against any convenient pet theory. One thing he is clear upon—like "Mr. Filer," he is bent upon—that is, putting down all benevolence; especially does he love to travel out of his way to find some little hard-working society, perhaps having no establishment of paid secretary, or officers, but aiming to do a little to smooth away a sorrow. Now, that any body should try to do this at all is to the able editor very funny, but that it should be done freely is a piece of fun beyond belief. A society exists like the Aged Pilgrim's Friend, or the Aged Christian's Society; their work is slight, but it is good; to give to a poor old Christian; far enough from the workhouse, yet wanting many a little comfort to soothe and sweeten life and old age;—to give to this poor old believing, and praying, and respectable infirmity, even so small a sum as a shilling a week, seems to our poor demented and benighted nature not at all a funny thing; nay, such arrant idiots are we, that some aspects of the deed seem to us to be even divine—to give to the poor old creature the little offering which provides a little tea and sugar even, sets our able Editor's cachinatory faul-

ties in a roar over his bottle of port, or glass of brandy and water; thus this advertisement:—

“SPECIAL APPEAL on behalf of the LONDON AGED CHRISTIAN SOCIETY, established 1826, for the Permanent Relief of the *decidedly Christian* Poor, of the age of 65 years and upwards, resident within five miles of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Committee are compelled by the urgency of the case to appeal to the Christian public for aid to raise a fund to enable them to replace the amount of Income lost by the lapse of the Long Annuities, which terminated last year, and in which several legacies had been invested. The loss to the Society by the failure of the above source of income is not less than £75 a-year.”

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boon-companions of Dubois. The experience of pious parsonesses, as to the expediency of reinforcing the promises of the Beatitudes by promises of weekly soup, generally coincides with the experience of Madame de Maintenon."*

The mighty masters of Oxford are well set to work in penning such rubbish as this.

The views the *Saturday Review* has taken of the "social evil" are among the most indecent of its utterances. It has not hesitated even to throw its soot over some of the men who have taken part in the movement. Especially one, whose life has been sanctified by the saintly virtues of self-denial and renunciation, by purity and intense activity—all these again, however, being only fuel for fun. Most of these articles are such as only a dirty life and a foul heart could pen, expressing such entire absence of all belief in goodness for its own sake. Here is one of the morsels:—

"Those who devote themselves so earnestly to minister to the Magdalen forget that there are thousands of maids-of-all-work in London who are not unobservant spectators of the favours lavished on their erring sisters. Let them try to look at the Penitentiary system from the point of view of a maid-of-all-work, who drudges from morning to night for half-a-crown a-week and her keep. She knows companions of her youth, no richer than herself, who flaunt up and down the street, dressed, as she thinks, like any lady, enjoying unlimited freedom and unlimited gin. Naturally, she thinks this is pleasanter than ten hours' ceaseless scrubbing, and is strongly tempted to adopt the vocation which leads to such results. *The only thing that comes in aid of her principles to deter her is, that she has heard that it often ends, after a few years, in broken health, destitution, and an early death in the workhouse.* But the acquaintances who are urging her to do as they have done, are easily able to pacify her alarms on this head. A number of religious gentlemen have kindly removed all difficulties of this kind. They have provided a sort of Chelsea Hospital for the *disabled of the profession*, in which her vocation can be laid aside whenever it ceases to pay; so that she need trouble herself with no fears of the death in the workhouse. With principle on the one side, and every earthly advantage on the other, we leave the philanthropists to judge which is likely to carry off the victory. It is no theory, but a mournful fact, that the contrast between the care lavished on the wicked and the neglect which is the lot of the innocent works deep and terrible results in the hearts of the class from whom first the pavement, and then the Penitentiaries, are recruited.

* *Saturday Review*, No. 27. Jan. 12, 1861.

"But the mania goes on merrily." It has risen from point to point till it has culminated in the "midnight meetings" in St. James's Hall. There is something exquisitely thoughtful and refined in this last attention to the wants of an interesting class. There was something gross and vulgar in the beef, and mutton, and coals, which were the bald attractions held out by the penitentiaries. The imagination requires food as well as the body. Woman has social instincts which are cultivated in every class of the community, and from the gratification of which the Magdalens ought not to be excluded. Some women satisfy it by going to evening parties—others, more precise and demure, content themselves with missionary meetings. Which species of entertainment the Magdalens, as a body, would prefer, is, in the present imperfect state of knowledge with respect to them, difficult to ascertain. It was resolved, therefore, to give them an evening party and a missionary meeting all in one. The most beautiful hall in London was hired, and, in order to suit their peculiar habits, was advertised to open at midnight. When midnight came, the brilliantly-lighted hall was opened, and the fair guests flocked in, some of them in costumes so elegant that an enterprising publisher has since thought it worth his while to give them to the world. Conversation flowed freely, tea and buttered toast were handed round—the most ethereal form of victuals in which a spiritual call could possibly be disguised—and several gentlemen, renowned for their oratorical powers, contributed to the entertainment of the evening. We see that the promoters of the *réunion* declare that it was a complete success; and we thoroughly believe them. Those who happened to pass through Regent Street in the small hours just after any one of the entertainments was closed will entirely confirm their boast. It had obviously been a success. The street was full of lively groups; and the gentle subjects who had just been preached at were animated, we had almost said frisky, in their spirits, and more than affable in their bearing. The experiment so triumphantly made is likely to become an institution. It appears that a succession of "midnight meetings" of a still more brilliant character are contemplated for the present year. There is only one thing now wanting to their complete success. If Magdalens are remarkable for anything, it is for a proper reverence for the aristocratic institutions of our country. The promoters of Penitentiaries have felt this so strongly that they have founded a kind of hierarchy of refuges, so that penitents may be accommodated according to their birth, and miserable sinners of a higher class may not be contaminated by having to weep in company with miserable sinners of a lower. We recommend the promoters of the "midnight meetings" to do something towards satisfying this laudable instinct. Is there no way of putting their entertainments under fashionable patronage? Can they not have a "respectable" midnight meeting, like the "respectable" night at the analogous institution of Cremorne two years ago? It would draw enormously. Fashionable ladies would eagerly throng—as they did to Cremorne—to enjoy the excitement of standing about, laugh-

ing, talking, and drinking tea in the very places in which the *demi monde* were in the habit of doing the same thing. And then they might keep up the illusion by having the same orators to address them; and, if they liked it, the very same sermons too. It would be quite as *piquant* as Cremorne. Nor would its results be an unimportant gain to the good cause. Very few Magdalens would like to be out of the fashion; and those who were strong-minded enough to resist the fascinations of buttered toast and damnatory eloquence would come when they heard that duchesses had set the example."

There are some things in the structure of the *Saturday Review* which remind us of *Bell's Life* in the days of Theodore Hook. There is the same clever, unprincipled audacity of statement; it works in a more important soil with exactly the same weapons. There is no corruption for which it has not a word of apology; it can be very virtuous and prudish; it can be very lax and skittish—not to say sometimes positively vicious. Should not a Reviewer be one to throw all obstacles in the way of young or opening genius, and snub with a lofty indifference the matured teacher?—should not the judicious Reviewer take so much care of truth that he never parts with it? never tells it, even, unless to serve a turn?—should he not pride himself upon the reputations he has damaged, or sought to damage? or the books he has misquoted?—should not the Reviewer show that, if he has not a kind eye, certainly he has a cold and cute one? and, if not a warm, surely a callous heart, save when it feels the glow of self-interest? To most of these distinguished characteristics, we may congratulate the able Editor, his paper has attained.

We might believe that the *Saturday Review* had taken a retainer to plead against some of the well-known characters of our modern literature; and it must be admitted that, against them, it expresses itself with good, strong, animal hatred—we say animal hatred, for it expresses itself with all the agility and weight, not of a scholar or a critic, but just a literary prize-fighter. Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley receive some words as kind as the grunting vocables of our Reviewer ever permit; but Eh! dear! and alas! for some other of the favourites of English readers. We believe Sir Bulwer Lytton has many sins to answer for in the works he has issued from the press. No doubt he has great literary ambition and great literary versatility; but we should scarcely have thought his character as an author and man of genius could be well summed up in such an epigram as this:—"To use his own curious dialect, between the clever and the great there is often an impassable gulf. The language, perhaps, does not contain any single word which exactly describes his intellectual rank. If it did, that word would

occupy a middle position between jack-of-all-trades and a humbug."* We are not about to attempt on this page any review of Sir Edward's talents or position; but the taste must be a depraved one which would prefer "Ernest Maltravers" and "Godolphin" to "The Caxtons" or "My Novel." The *Saturday Reviewer* does so; and the secret comes out presently: the last are hated because "they have such a virtuous and religious air mixed with that mild interest in reformers which people feel in those with whom they sympathise whilst they see through them." The hatred of the *Saturday Reviewer* to Charles Dickens becomes something rabid and fearful, only that a personality is seen in it all; while John Ruskin, we find, to our astonishment, is imbecile, and several other things equally dreadful. We doubt, indeed, whether Mr. Ruskin's papers, "Unto this Last," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, were prepared with as much regard to the judgment of his readers as their determination towards their sympathies, but the bitterness of the *Saturday Reviewers* is old, abiding, and incessant, and in one word it is the hatred of the cynic to anything cheerful, pictorial, and humane. These things are not strange, for the Reviewers, in a recent article, denounce all loving criticism. Some people say when they receive a work from an able man, "Now, let us see what good is in this thing." Our critics, on the contrary, set down to any book with the assurance that there can be nothing good in it. The Editor throws his volumes about as the whipper-in throws the fox—there, tear him boys, tear him; then a loud hurrah over the mangled remains, and the work is done. It has been said that Newspaper editors have nothing to do with reverence, that is not in their catalogue of necessities—a mere hard estimate of men and things. This is all we need in the reviewers. Well, this will be all we shall find in our *Saturday Reviewers*. A more lofty and entire indifference to all things ancient and modern, sacred and profane, it would be difficult to find. A most omniscient eye has this Committee of Oxford pundits; the sublime distinction to which it has attained is, that it knows everybody and loves nobody; it pronounces upon all things with the air of a fast man; indeed, this is its distinctive atmosphere; this is the style of every article, that of the Oxford fast man; and whether it talks of things in heaven, or things on earth, or things under the earth, things scientific, or things literary, or things theological, thing public, or things personal; it speaks like one who would say, "He knew a thing or two about it, rather." You see the ability for any amount of slang. We might safely defy any reader to produce from all its columns a single line

* *Saturday Review*, No. 176. March 12, 1859.

of approbation of a generous sentiment, or noble action. Occasionally, admiration does appear for a successful artist, especially for Lord Macaulay or Alfred Tennyson; but the admiration is only awarded to the artist, never to the man; nay, we could fancy, in the event of any such thought crossing the eye of the Reviewer, the scorn with which he would say, "Men, men, we know nothing of men:" but they are certainly above, or beneath, all those vulgar emotions which sometimes move ordinary mortals. We should as soon think of touching, by any word of art or emotion, the feelings of a *Saturday Reviewer* as we should think of tattooing the hide of an elephant. We fancy the fast man's affected sneer then—"We never read that kind of thing." A man, be he a Reviewer or only an ordinary mortal, who can reach this state of absolute indifference, has a great purchase over his fellows. The doom of most men is to feel love, pity, awe, reverence. Sometimes it has been thought by the vulgar that these emotions aid the eye and the mind in their perceptions—so think not these lords of criticism. Whether these are the last days we know not. It is said, "In the last days shall come scoffers;" and certainly the scoffers come every week, if from no other house in the world, surely from the office of the *Saturday Review*. A certain kind of know-all-about-it kind of air pervades all their speech; and yet we see beneath all the true parvenu soul; the snobbishness of one introduced for the first time to the Duchess of Mayfair, and while almost sinking to the earth with the honour of breathing such an atmosphere, going through all unutterable indifferentisms to make the duchess believe that he has been dining with duchesses any day for the last twenty years. Yes, a sort of air of one speaking to the Duke of Almack's in Regent-street, and making the duke conscious that he knows all about the duke's set, and puffing in the expanding hope that only some chatterbox of a friend might come along whose eyes might gaze upon the startling and awful circumstance. The *Saturday Reviewers* would be known as the scalpers, flayers, and executioners of humbugs—and so they are, and there are many of them we would cheerfully hand over to their mercies, but there are some humbugs to which they are too closely related. The articles of their faith might be very easily summed up: To believe that all good men read Greek is an important item; to have no more notion of God as a governor of life, and "a rewarder of them that seek him," than a Zambezi African, this is more important than to read Greek; but most important of all, to believe that every Dissenter must be essentially an ass, and especially this in the degree to which anything so ridiculous as convictions about religious truth, or conscientious scruples enter into the world of character or action. Eminently would they go along with

Mr. Jowett in suspecting any religious or conscientious scruple. No doubt would they have about "sitting in the idol's temple," or "eating meat offered to idols;" not they, providing the meat were nice, and the place comfortable; hence, there is no abuse in old Oxford, but they sticke for it with all the tenacity of a cat, and howl over the dreaded loss of it with the music of a mastiff. Thus, too, we may notice their remarks upon the poor clergy.* We should have thought that a humbug-killer might have found a kind and a strong word to say upon this subject. It is the disgrace and weakness of the Establishment that many of its hard-working clergy are glad to receive the case of clothing of gentlemen, dignitaries, and nobles of the land. There exists a society, we believe, or institution, called the "Poor Clergy Relief Association;" its secretary, a worthy man, active and desirous to do good to his brethren, and to relieve his Church of a portion of the shame, points out some sad cases of poverty existing among his fellow-ministers. But forward rushes the *Saturday Review* to bespatter him and his work, with its sneers and scoffs. To "lower the status" of the church dignitary would be a national misfortune it exclaims; and it sets to work to prove that it would be equally a national misfortune to raise the status of the poor parson. There is not one word of reprobation on the extravagant salaries of bishop, dean, or rector. Not one word of sympathy for the small salary of the almost starving curate. True, many of the words of the *Saturday Review* would have common sense in them if it were not a National Establishment which dooms its ministers to starve.

"The clerical profession is, in fact, and in the complex social position of England is well known to be, in no conceivable respect different from any other precarious profession. Very possibly it ought to be something else. Mr. Jervis would probably prefer a revival of the Levitical economy and polity; or he might point to the Swedish system of Church and state, or to some Utopian commonwealth where the sad cases on which he expatiates would be simply impossible. But this is to compare two very different things. He says that, as things are, the clergy occupy an exceptional position; and that the mere fact of their exercising a particular profession ought to exempt them from the possibility of extreme poverty. This is what we deny. We say that a clergyman takes orders with his eyes open—they ought to be especially wide open. He is not going into a Levitical order—he is not a member of a caste self-supporting, or especially endowed with adequate resources. If he does not like the lottery, there are all sorts of reasons—we think them very strong ones—for deterring him from trying it. He knows what the Church is. He knows its chances

* See *Saturday Review*, No. 239. May 26, 1860. Article—"Poor Clergy."

just as the doctor knows the chances of medicine, or the barrister those of law. In the one case we say that a man who, without any particular gifts, without friends or interest, chooses a particular profession, is perhaps to be pitied, but not to be styled a national reproach, if at forty-five he has not got six briefs or sixty patients. Nor is the father of seventeen children starving on one hundred a year, though a clergyman, to be regarded in a different light. Mr. Jervis says that he is, because he is a son of the prophets; but nobody compelled him to become a son of the prophets. He is 'an Oxford scholar;' but it was his own choice that he preferred Oxford to the counter, or the desk, or the plough-tail."

With a great deal of truth in all this, which our readers must perceive, the taint is—the perpetual taint—the absence of sympathy. If the condition of any men in our island could be mended, it is the condition of the pauper ministers of the Church of England. A society is formed to aid them, and the *Saturday Review* condescends to read its report, and then deliver a homily upon political economy, and the law which regulates the price of labour. Incessant are its fears for any stray rumour that should wake either men in the Church Establishment to a desire for reform, or the English nation to a determination to rectify its abuses. Hush! can't ye let Mother alone—

"Hush, mama, lie still and slumber,
We Reviewers guard thy bed."

Such is ever the burden of its amiable ditty. It never gets angry with a clergyman for doing wrong, but very angry if he ever calls attention to the rents in his robe. His language about Bonwell and Co. is not "What bad men," no, "What vulgar men." His language about Bryan King is simply, "How very imprudent." The finger hands of this dial are not moved by works within, but by the hand without. Its conscience is propriety, respectability—the respectability of its own set. We see this in its frequent articles upon Dissent, and Dissenters, when it chooses to misrepresent them, and bespatter them with its Oxford slang. They cannot, they say, comprehend—"something there is which cannot be comprehended, and that is the something which drives the worshipper to Little Bethel, or Ramoth-Gilead."* "Well, then, let Dissent remain Dissent, and let the Church remain the Church." They won't mix—"they will only," says our courteous Reviewers, "make a dirty, unwholesome, whitey-brown. Catsup and champagne have their respective merits, but mix them in the same glass, and you gain a nauseous beverage." Complimentary

* See *Saturday Review*, No. 23. Article—"Comprehension Dissenters."

or not, we don't doubt the truth of this. Meantime, if Dissent only will dare to defend its individuality, it flies off like a furious virago. In the matter of the Census, for instance, to *Saturday Reviewers*, the whole affair was, it is true, as he jocularly expressed it, only "religious nose counting." But, and because Dissenters would not consent to the terms; to the fine of £20 for example, and to the assessment being made at home; great was the wrath in its coarse way; indeed, it could not account for some statements, unless the Census were "taken on the occasion of a love feast, and every Jack had a Jill upon his knees"*:—this is the manner of our Critic. The Dissenters were not, as a body, opposed to the Census of their numbers, but to the mode of estimating them; all of this was lost sight of, however; and the *Saturday Review* exclaims:—

"Thus, on the whole, we may be thankful that there is a chance, in this business of the Census, of fair play. The Dissenters—who, to do them justice, ought not to be identified with the Liberation Society and the turbulent tribunes of Freemasons' Hall—are in this dilemma. They must either abandon the whole notion of a religious enumeration—a scheme which, by the way, in 1851, was proposed by Dissenters, carried out by Dissenters, tabulated, annotated, and published by Dissenters—or they must submit to the Bill now before Parliament. The returns of 1851 are shown to be a perfect sham—incomplete, defective, mendacious, and proving nothing. But, now that a real enumeration is offered them, Dissenting gentlemen, represented by the tender-hearted Mr. Burnett and the conscientious Mr. Eckett, whoever they may be, find out that religion is a matter between man and his God, and that nobody has a right to ask questions about it. They have no objection to say, for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, what their religious profession is, and rather like to boast of being Particular Baptists, or Glassites, or Sandemanians, as the case may be; but on one day in the year—or rather on one day in ten years—when the enumerator knocks at the door, they have very serious conscientious doubts and great searchings of heart—a periodical fit of the scruples, which is a recurring decimal, whose period is decennial, and happens to concur with Census Day. We are glad that for once Lord Palmerston has set his face against impudent cant of this sort."†

However, in a week or two it changed its verdict. "It does no good to count noses either way. If churchmen do not like noses counted at church or chapel, and if dissenters do not like noses counted at home, let them not be counted at all."‡ Our readers will perceive the spirit and style of the organ if they are unacquainted with its pages. Nor will the reader fail to perceive

* *Saturday Review*, No. 238. Article—"The Census and the Dissenters." † *Ibid.*

‡ *Saturday Review*, No. 242. Article—"The Census of 1861."

that there is a concentrated unity of purpose through these pages. Its pages are as compact and one as a crocodile's plated mail. We said to a friend once, "What do you think of the *Saturday Review*?" and he summed up its character in the adjective, "Scaly, scaly;" and indeed it is a literary, religious, and political alligator; hard about the hide, impudent about the snout and jaws. It has plenty of daring, but not a grain of magnanimity; and for its courage, why it is no doubt there, for it is, like Captain Costigan's, taken out every week for an airing.

We do not feel that we need be at any pains to justify our own frequent strength of expression in this article. The *Saturday Reviewers* quite put themselves out of court by the language they are pleased to adopt. There is little in the general temper or tone of their remarks to remind us that we are dealing with gentlemen—coarse jests, low buffoonery, and jokes and jeers tripping fast from the tongue, in the style of a professor of the science of self-defence. This is the kind of composition we have constantly before us. Here is a decent passage for a man—who would no doubt wish us to forget ourselves, and regard him as a gentleman—to pen:—"Some men can't help stealing everything they see, down to their fathers' teaspoons and their neighbours' note paper. Everybody knows half-a-dozen people in whom the taste for lying is so developed that they will lie for the mere pleasure of the thing, even when the lie is certain to be found out. The present Leader of the House of Commons is a victim to the same sort of possession. He is bewitched by the demon of low dodging. That elegant species of Parliamentary manœuvre is prevalent enough among our present race of statesmen. *There is no dodge, for instance, too dirty for Lord John Russell to stoop to, if it will serve his personal interests*, as the history of the last thirty years abundantly establishes."*

But we have not been at any trouble to notice many things in the literary estimates of the Reviewer, very remarkable and original; that "a tale of fiction from the pen of Mr. Tupper should be regarded with the curiosity and awe with which we would examine a quartern loaf thrown up by Mount Vesuvius," may be probable enough; nay, if the Reviewer wishes to have it so, we are not inclined to spend much time with him in disputing whether—"Brother Prince's journal," he of the Agapemmon, "by its internal evidence, might be simply set down as one of those pieces of arrogant and fanatical methodism which occasionally issue from the ultra Evangelical press."† We have referred

* *Saturday Review*, No. 189. Article, "The Artless Dodger."

† *Saturday Review*, April 8, 1860.

to our Reviewer's cordial hatred of Mr. Ruskin, his style, his theories, and all his books. We have not taken pen in hand, or looked over these sapient papers to defend him; there might be some impertinence in that. Mr. Ruskin needs no defence of ours. Still, even to our present purpose, it is to the point to notice that, from these columns, we find that in his writings he "*has abjured the duties of moral continence.*" (Mercy upon us! think of a *Saturday Reviewer* charging any mortal with doing that—"Oh wad some power," &c., &c.) We find "his reasoning powers are in a state of imbecility;" that "he is a perfect paragon of blubbering;" he "whines and snivels about England and the poor, like the Jews who howl before the walls of Jerusalem;" that "he drags quotations from Zechariah and the Proverbs, in a voice choked with tears."* That's enough; that's the cause of it all. A text of Scripture has something of the effect of holy water upon the enemy of mankind. Keep texts and the Bible out of your discussion, and the *Saturday Review* croaks simply like a toad; but a text is for it a true Ithuriel's spear, and it starts up all the Devil before the disputant—it does not vanish, indeed, as before holy water fled the imp, but it does the next best thing—shows itself in its true being.

Nothing escapes our omniscient Reviewer, but most anxiously upon the look-out is he, lest there should by any chance be a probability of the quiet, homely, spiritual life of religion becoming too general among us. Our brother of the *Evangelical Magazine* was assailed for that he inserted a pastoral appeal which contained some words against worldliness in religious professors. Loudly screamed our Reviewer:†—

"But besides the unseemly spectacle of a 'professor' sometimes paying sixpence in the pound, it is to be feared that worldliness is often exhibited by 'professors' in their social entertainments, even where every article of consumption is duly paid for on delivery. It seems that a 'professor' may lawfully give a dinner party, but he also may, and very often does, do the same thing unlawfully. Now this, we think, is a curious subject for investigation. Where and how is the line of lawfulness transgressed? We should like to employ one or two eminent 'professors' of another mystery to draw up a bill of fare which should be free from worldliness, and yet provocative of appetite. Do any, and, if any, which of the four primitive sauces supply the relish of salvation?"

"There are two great communities in the universe—that of the world and that of heaven—each governed by its own laws, seeking its own objects, and animated by its own spirit. Thus teaches the 'Pastoral

* *Saturday Review*, No. 263. Article, "Mr. Ruskin Again."

† *Saturday Review*, No. 187. Article, "Professors and Professing Christians."

Appeal ;' and further, that in both these communities balls, 'or at any rate dancing,' dinner parties, and bazaars are beginning to be widely practised. Our author explains further on how a professor may read the newspapers with a spiritual eye. 'The newspaper is the exponent of prophecy.' And besides, wherever cotton can be sold, Bibles, it may be hoped, can be given away. The opening of China to missionary enterprise was announced to professors by the newspapers. Even a war between France and Austria admits of being looked at from a professorial point of view. *Lord Shaftesbury, a most savoury professor*, has just explained to us that this war is really one to promote the distribution in the Austrian dominions of an Italian version of the Scriptures. But the difficulties of serious gaiety remain almost untouched by the 'Appeal.' A bazaar for the benefit of a hospital will be best avoided by professors, inasmuch as the end, the mere healing of the sick, is not sufficiently spiritual to justify the use of questionable means. But if the proceedings of the speculation are to be devoted to the building of a temple of evangelical religion, then, perhaps, it may be both lawful and expedient to manage as the world does. The world, we all know, puts handsome ladies behind the counters of the bazaar in order to induce silly gentlemen to buy trumpery at enormous prices. Shall we take the money, build our church with it, and testify therein against the vanities to which we owe it that we have a place in which to testify?"

We have not been careful to refute, so much as to exhibit passages which we trust are their own refutation. Thus we are told that the theory of usefulness is, in fact, nothing more than a very amiable device for turning the wealth of England into a very good channel, "and keeping it from a bad channel."* Thus the happiness of our country is proclaimed: "With prudence and self-command, and a moderate amount of manual skill, almost any one can both live and marry; and what do men wish for beyond this?" (!)

He never loses an opportunity of saying a sneering thing upon any body or institution at all nearing the neighbourhood of Dissent. In this quiet way he does at once a piece of gross injustice to the Baptist mission in India, and ignores its work and its existence, even when he affects to praise its labours and labourers:—

"The Baptist Mission of Serampore so exactly pursued the same course with the disciples of Simeon" [it followed rather the well-known traditions of the Baptist Church and Puritanism], "and faded away so suddenly after the Anglican Church had established its hold on the settlers in Calcutta" [*it has not faded away*, but is still a holy power in India; its men have been, and are, the mightiest missionaries there], 'that it does not call for any separate notice. Considerable success was

* *Saturday Review*, November 10, 1860.

at length achieved, and no one can peruse the history of the individuals who laid the foundations of Christianity in India without a sincere admiration for them, and a sense of the great blessings which they have bequeathed to all who have come after them. Mr. Kaye does full justice to this part of his subject. He writes of them with an interest that is evidently genuine, and with an adequate appreciation of their heroism and their Christian wisdom. *It is possible to overrate the calling of the missionary, and many men would find it harder to be an honest shoemaker at Kettering than to be what Sydney Smith called an 'inspired cobbler' at Serampore.*"*

Certainly this is very likely to be true. Carey, as a cobbler at Kettering, would have been out of his place, as much so as would Sydney Smith have been out of his place in the same circumstances. It was easy and pleasant to him to become the Christian Polyglot of India; something higher, we believe, than to be even chief dinner-table wit of England, or chief sneerer of the *Saturday Review*. Ease and pleasure are found in the works for which Nature and Heaven have fitted men; but this is the temper and style of our self-satisfied critic. So in a similar way our Reviewer praises the life of Dr. Henderson:—

"Dr. Henderson was a man of no ordinary knowledge, zeal, and ability—a good man, an honest labourer, a good Christian, and a better Calvinist." But "what may be the cause, we will not pretend to say; but certain it is that this book will be acceptable to none but that peculiar class of readers denominated, by those who aspire to their favour, 'the religious public.'"

"Having said this, we have given our readers a clue to the character and faults of the book. It is what is called a religious biography—that is, one in which set forms and commonplaces of devotional language occupy a large space, and make themselves obtrusively prominent. Hence it is, probably, that at the end of every letter or descriptive passage—some of which passages are very clear and striking—we find a devotional 'tag,' doubtless sincere, but generally quite inappropriate, for it would be possible to attach any of these 'morals' to almost any other passage of the same kind quite as fitly as to that to which they belong."†

The Reviewer always seems to feel a sense of shame, whenever he finds himself, by any strange chance, praising a Dissenter. "Goodness gracious!" we think we hear him exclaim, "what am I doing? I am hired to curse them altogether, and here I am blessing them again. Balaam! Balaam! my dear boy, be more consistent. Now then for a hot, cursing cayennish word or two;" and it always comes.

* *Saturday Review*, No. 176. Article, "Christianity in India."

† *Saturday Review*, No. 192. Article, "Evangelical Biography."

The attempt, indeed, to make the *Saturday Review* comprehend what a conscientious scruple is, would be inextricably hopeless. This is the way in which it argues the question of Church-rates, for instance:—

“Time was when Dissenters objected to Church-rates because they were a contribution to the cause of Antichrist; steeple-houses were religious abominations, and men were Dissenters because they wished to pull down, rather than to keep up, the synagogues of Satan. This was the old feeling, only expressed in the old language. But in days of pointed Gothic meeting-houses, chants in conventicles, and bells, and organs, and even surplices in denominational and steepled chapels, it can no longer be said that it is a question of principle.”

Admirable reasoning. Because I choose to buy an organ for my meeting house, or present a robe to my minister, I shall be taxed by law to present organs and surplices to the ministers of the Establishment.

“But all this does not touch the principle, which we hold to be a very real one. *The abolition of Church-rates flows as naturally, sooner or later, from the Toleration Act of William and Mary, as glacier water ultimately reaches the sea.* Given the legal Dissenter, and Church-rates must go. And here is the fallacy in the argument that if in this case you admit the scruples, real or simulated, of the minority, *you are bound in consistency to recognise the thief’s conscientious difficulties about the Police-rate.* It is enough to say that the law does not recognise the Quaker’s scruples about a war-tax, or a pick-pocket’s serious doubts about the lawfulness of Bow-street, but that the law does admit, and for two centuries has declared, a man’s right not to belong to the Church, and all that follows from it. The value, then, of the recent Blue-book is not that it establishes, as it does, the immense numerical preponderance of property on the side of the Churchman, but that it holds out some hopes that, after all, the matter is substantially in the Churchman’s own hands. The tendency of things is to commutation rather than to total abolition. If Churchmen, for the most part, pay Church-rates, it would be simple tyranny on the part of Dissenters to say that they shall not encumber their land to redeem them if they choose.”*

We cite this as an illustration of the way in which the *Saturday Review* reasons when it tries, with its bat-like vision, to comprehend the myth which floats about in men’s minds touching conscientious scruples. In the same paper there is another little paragraph exhibiting a similar need of the anointing eye-salve to enable it to see:—

“It is perfectly monstrous that Dissenters should blow hot and cold

* *Saturday Review*, No. 172. Article “The Census.”

—should conscientiously claim to be relieved from the pecuniary burthen, and yet should conscientiously claim to interfere in the parish vestry. Mr. Roebuck read a very proper lecture on this point a few nights ago to his Dissenting colleague, Mr. Hadfield, by reminding him what rights of interference with the private concerns of Churchmen, Dissenters certainly did not possess. *If it is simple impertinence in Mr. Hadfield to give his judgment on what prayers or preachments the Church should retain or abolish, it is simple tyranny to claim, as Dissenters often do, still to have a voice in vestry on the internal management of funds from the obligation of contributing to which they claim, and with justice, to be released.*"

Certainly not, able Reviewers. So long as the Establishment exists as the Church of the people, so long every man who can, Dissenter as well as Churchman, has a right to attempt to make himself heard within its vestries, and thus, to the best of his ability, to fulfil the duties of a citizen there.

The *Saturday Reviewers* touch upon a great number of matters incidentally. Woman, for instance—the education of woman—meets with about the same degree of deference as the rights of conscience:—

*"We prefer that young women should be good and happy without knowing, or caring to know, their whole duty. There is a want of greatness in casuistry—a separation from all first-rate excellence—that makes it desirable to avoid it. While contemplating really great things, or reading great books, or communing with great minds, we feel as if there was no use or meaning in busying ourselves for ever with little scruples of conscience. The conscience may be made much too scrupulous for any healthy activity. But as most young women do not care for anything great, seldom come in the way of it, and as seldom know it when they have it presented to them—and as their life and its aims and interests are necessarily small—it may be a good thing for them to encourage the habit of looking on little things in a kindly light, and keeping their consciences up to the quivering point."**

Thus, throughout the *Saturday Review*, the question of moral wants of a religious nature in man, is usually wholly ignored.

We print the following extract as a specimen of the way in which all such matters are handled by this highly religious and very broad Church organ. On the contrary, it has no objection to write some columns in defence of "fox-hunting parsons":—

"We cannot avoid the conclusion, that neither on strictly religious grounds nor on considerations of general expediency is a clergyman

* *Sat. Rev.*, No. 217, Art., "The Whole Duty of Young Woman."

to be condemned, or even suspected of wrong-doing, who, avowedly resting his conduct on the principles of Christian liberty, rides with hounds, or whips a trout-stream, or beats a partridge-stubble. *On the contrary, we must acknowledge that a clergyman may do these things, and do positive good by doing them.* But it is entirely a question of the individual."

Our readers will perhaps be of the opinion with reference to *Saturday Reviewers* that that illustrious authority, Mr. Sam Weller, expressed with reference to the magistrates of the country :—"This is a werry impartial country for justice ; there ain't a magistrate going as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people." This is their style, but it is the style, too, of a literary Red Rover ; indeed this is the character of the whole thing—a literary privateer's man—muscular enough without a doubt. Mind and muscle we have here, it must be admitted, in union ; but we have never very much admired that combination ; it is, in fact, incarnate devilishness, cunning, and strength. We desiderate the conscience, and so in these Reviewers we have just such a band of strong self-willed intelligencies, who in their intellectual pride become a kind of footpad or brigand on the highways of letters ; they are not, we believe, the only illustrations which might be found, but they are the most exemplary instances of a remorseless cashiering of the rights of their own consciences, and the claims of other people's. In the last age an adventurous fellow without principle took to the road—in this, he takes to a newspaper. What gives to this paper the *prestige* it has. Where does it stand ? What is it ? Religiously, it is precisely what the *Weekly Dispatch* was twenty years since—the same pride—the same intolerant scorn of all spiritual religion—the same sniffing about after the weaknesses of good people—the same magnifying of the vices of bad people into virtues—the same boxing-gloves style of writing—the belief that virtue sits enthroned in the bosom of the Editor and his little clique—that humbug dwells everywhere except with *us*. In truth, do they suppose, this precious band of immaculates, that they are not known ? that it is possible for such a style as theirs to be written at all, for such doctrines as theirs to be defended at all ?—excepting by men in whom indifference, animalism, and scepticism have done their worst or their best—the miserable farthing a pound philosophy, and tare and tret religion, and avoirdupoise-weight benevolence, in which every faith and feeling that makes life noble and beautiful, is called to the bar of their editorial Tinville in the Abbaye of their *Saturday*, and doomed to the September massacre of their pen ? No doubt the able Editor imagines the world, reading his paper, believes him to be a very Knight Templar going forth to the slaughter of the Dragon of Humbug ; but Humbug

suggests very different thoughts to able Editor; we fancy he would much rather, with tenderest feeling, serenade it,—

“Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer.”

Undoubtedly, there is powerful writing here, and there is powerful writing in Mr. Holyoake's *Reasoner*—and there is honest writing too; and, when we buy the *Reasoner*, we are not surprised if we find—which, in justice, we may say we have not often found—sneers and scoffs upon every shade of religious profession. But, in the *Saturday Review*, what have we? Do our readers remember that brilliant organ of cultivated infidelity and scepticism, in the first years' of its existence, *The Leader*? Well, here we have very much this *Leader*, retaining much of the more prominent of its doctrines, its scoffing, sneering, Pilate spirit, but associated with a strong conservatism in matters of Church and State. With a distinct Deism of statement, which sometimes comes very near to something more than even that. With an evident disbelief altogether in any facts which may properly be called spiritual; indeed, it avows its belief in the horribly blasphemous doctrine that *the Holy Spirit's influence may be described “almost as a magnetically manufactured affection in its more violent forms.”** With an incessant attempt to harass and annoy by the sparrow-shot of its impudent and audacious witticisms every effort to bless or brighten human conditions, bespattering with its filth the mistakes of good men, and sneering at their successes. This marvellous infidel newspaper aims to be a leader of religious opinion, and we have reason to believe numbers among its contributors, not only those who would consider themselves members of, but even clergymen, of the Church of England.

It is not very much our concern whether these, our poor remarks, ever meet the eyes of our able friends; but knowing the style in which they can deal with what it is not exactly to their taste to acknowledge.† We have, therefore, been somewhat

* *Sat. Rev.*, No. 230, Art., “The Religious Revivals.”

† A report got into circulation some time since, that a split had taken place in the proprietary of the *Review*, the Editor did not content himself with a denial; but denied in this graceful manner. “As to what ‘report speaks’ about the *Saturday Review*, we can only characterize such report in one of the shortest words in the English language—that ugly *verbum trium litterarum* which we need not print. The ‘report’ is a whole, entire, and unmitigated tissue of falsehood from first to last, without the slightest vestige of foundation for either its assertions or implications. So much for the alleged fact. On the taste of the paragraph—which gives a name in one case, and, in another, what is equivalent to a name—we shall say less, as personal considerations come in. One thing, however, we must, in the interest of newspapers generally, add—which is, *that literary etiquette and the conventional proprieties* of what is called journalism are violated even by quoting rumours and reports in which names are mentioned.”—*Saturday Review*, No. 271. Literary Etiquette! Conventional Propriety! Think of our Editor courting those ladies at last, What next?

copious in our quotations : we trust they will justify our condemnation. We have been guided principally, too, by the knowledge that this indecent and unseemly, and unprincipled organ is read, even extensively, by Congregationalists ; and we have a wish to present at once a view of the unity of spirit which undoubtedly pervades its columns in matters of religious and social opinion. We may, perhaps, (yet we do not promise) devote another article to its political heresies.

VII.

CHURCH-RATES.—DISRAELI AND NO SURRENDER.*

ONCE more, in looking forward to the work of another session of Parliament, amidst many other matters, Dissenters will need to keep their eyes open to the dilemmas of the Church-rate question, and put forth all their energy with enthusiasm, as well as exercise all vigilance. We need not remind our readers that, but for the action of the House of Lords on two occasions, Church-rates would have been by this time abolished. We do not feel called upon at this time to indulge, therefore, in any captious remarks upon the conduct of the Peers. As a body, they are understood by the nation at large to be very cautious ; perhaps there have not been wanting several occasions, even in later political periods, when their extreme caution has almost upset the coach ; for resistance and concession are both weapons of revolution and obstruction. Peers may be as dangerous in state affairs as democrats. However, as we are not prepared to go so far in our hostility to them as some of our friends—nay, believe that they have done, and, on the whole, do good service to the state—we only hope that, when they are called upon to treat with contempt a Bill which has passed the suffrages of the Commons, it may, as in the case before us, be a Bill expressive rather of the moral than the material wants of the nation : by so much the less will their negation to the prayer be dangerous. But even in the House of Lords, the dismissal of the Church-rate question was not summary, and a Committee of that obstructive body has actually recommended a settlement of the question, which, so far as principle is concerned, concedes the greater part of what abolitionists demand, and destroys some of the most plausible arguments usually advanced in support

* The Church Rate Abolition Bill. Notes for the consideration of the Peers. London : Ward and Co., Paternoster-row. 1860.

of Church-rates—namely, that they are property, and that their abolition would be confiscation. The specific recommendations of the Committee, perhaps, we need scarcely remind our readers are these :—

“1st. That for the future, persons, desirous of being exempted from contributing to the church-rate, in any parish, may give yearly notice to that effect, to the churchwardens, prior to the meeting of any vestry for the purpose of making a church-rate; and that such persons shall not be entitled to attend any such vestry, or to vote upon the making or application of such rate, or to act as churchwardens in any matter relating to the church, or to retain any seat appropriated to them in the church during the term of such exemption.

“2nd. That the rate, when voted by the vestry, shall be levied upon all persons liable to it who have not given such notice.

“3rd. That the items for which a rate may be made shall be definitively declared by law.

“4th. That the rate-payers in any new parish or district shall be rateable for the purpose of their own church, and for no others.

“5th. That there shall be the same powers for the recovery of church-rates as exists for the recovery of poor-rates; and in case of objection to the validity of the rate, an appeal shall lie to the General Quarter Sessions, and the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Court in such matters shall cease.

“6th. That the principle of assessing the owner instead of the occupier to the church-rate, is well deserving the serious consideration of Parliament in any future legislation on the subject.”

And now we reach the present stage of the struggle—

“Now cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm Dizzy, ‘to upset the coach.’”

All our readers will be aware of the purport of Mr. Disraeli's speech recently at Prestwood, in Buckinghamshire, in which he raises the cry of “No compromise!” and urges that, instead, attempts shall be made to make the law more stringent. Indeed, the speech is characterised by all the peculiarities of the speaker's genius—it is reckless, and audacious. It is not wanting in some point, or even brilliancy; it would, perhaps, be impossible for Mr. Disraeli to speak without these; but, as is usual with the Conservative leader, they are accompanied by some absolute falseness in doctrine or statement, giving a viciousness to the whole argument. In the speech, indeed, there is nothing to answer; and some of its enunciations are too absurd for any emotion short of laughter. For instance, the abolition of Church-rates is, according to the Seer of Hugendon Manor, to abolish the parochial system

of England—to bring to an end political liberty and education ; and, in fact, is to do so many dreadful things, that we had better let the orator speak a few words for himself here :—

“ Our political constitution was built on our parochial constitution. The parish was one of the strongest securities for local government ; and on local government political liberty mainly depended. As for the social relations of the Church with the community, they were so comprehensive and so complicated, so vast and various, that the most far-seeing could not calculate the consequences of the projected change. Not merely the education of the people was concerned ; it was even their physical condition. He would almost say, that if, by some convulsion of nature, some important district of the country, one on which the food and industry of the community mainly depended, were suddenly swept from our surface, the change would not be greater than would arise by the withdrawal of the influence of the Church from our society. The fact was, the Church of England was a part of England—a point of view not sufficiently contemplated by those who speculated on changes in its character and position.”

Mr. Disraeli has talked a great deal of political nonsense in his time—probably as much, not to say more, than any man living ; but we believe it would be difficult, even from his speeches, to find a passage full of more entire nonsense, although sometimes its quality has been more mischievous.

But let us not be unfeeling ; nay, let us take a generous view of the matter. What is a poor Conservative leader to do when the recess is rapidly hastening to its close, and he without a cat-call to gather his party together ? let us feel for the poor whipper-in. Mr. Disraeli knows, as well as we do, that it is a poor cry after all, that he has but a losing game to play ; but then, he is not likely to feel that, as more sensitive people might ; he has made his political fortune by playing losing games, and he is the leader of his party simply and solely because he knows better than any other parliamentary general in England, how to make the most of “ a ragged regiment.” The speech itself is not worth the condescension of any man’s notice, but the position of the speaker raises the voice, however thin, to the dignity of a party cry, and therefore we notice it.

And the staple topic of this speech is to hurl back all the work of the last thirty years. “ To exempt the Dissenter,” says the orator, “ from the charge of Church-rates, would not be compromise, it would be surrender ;” again, “ what the Dissenter demands is, in fact, an oligarchical privilege, and the principle, if conceded and pursued, may lead to general confusion.”

"But then, it was urged that the parishes which refuse were the parishes of the large towns, and that their aggregate population was scarcely inferior to that vast majority of parishes in which it was raised. But this immense population were not Dissenters. They were not the votaries of rival creeds and establishments. They were ignorant, or indifferent, or more, unfortunate. Were we, then, to maintain, that the Church was to retire from the duty of contending with this unsympathizing or unbelieving mass? The greatest triumphs of the Church had been accomplished in great towns. If the influence of the Church was limited in great towns, it was not because its means were ineffective, but because they were insufficient. When they considered the nature of the religious principle, he would be a bold man, who would maintain that in their teeming seats of industry there might not be destined for the Church a triumphant future. Who could foresee the history of the next quarter of a century? It would not probably be as tranquil as the last. What if it were a period of great religious confusion and excitement? The country would cling to a Church which combined toleration with orthodoxy, and united Divine instruction with human sympathies. Is it wise, then, publicly to announce by legislation, that the Church of England relinquishes the character of a National Church? The end of it all is, that the majority against Church-rates, which had sat like an incubus on the Church for twenty years, virtually disappeared. It was in their power to settle the question for ever, not by a feeble concession, but by a bold assertion of public right. They sent 5,000 petitions in favour of that public right to the House of Commons last session. Let them send 15,000. . . . The question of Church-rates had fortunately not yet fallen into the catalogue of party politics; but now the clergy must make members of Parliament understand, that though this was not a party, it was a political question, on which, in their mind, there ought not to be, and could not be, any mistake," &c., &c.

This is an outline of this mischievous speech, but it will miss its aim. Immediately upon its delivery, the principal organs of the Press gave their voices against it—not merely the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Star*, and all the Liberal journals—the *Spectator*, even the *Guardian*, while the *Saturday Review* expresses itself with its usual admirable temper and amiability:—

"In every aspect, this unprincipled policy of the Conservative leader must be productive of evil. In whichever shape the cataclysm comes, the persons whom history will pronounce guilty of the downfall of the Church of England, will be the foolish fanatics who had not the patience nor the foresightedness to make a moderate use of a sudden turn of prosperity, and the adventurer who was profligate enough to grasp at their extravagance as the stepping-stone to his own selfish advantage."

On the whole, it seems very likely that the advance of the distinguished Protectionist to the rescue of the Church, endeared to him as a convertite, by so many ties, although not of ancestry, may tend rather to the scattering of even the forlorn hope; it may be seen that he has charged so cleverly, that he has burst the gun, to the consternation of his party, rather than the destruction of his opponents. The Church Rate presses on many as a matter of conscience; on some it presses with great weight, on others as a feather—on others not at all. But the member for Buckinghamshire expects millions to rush to the petitions, to claim the renewal of their right, alas, in many places too long unused; that privilege which slumbers among the privileges of the past, to have rates levied more generally and more frequently for the maintenance of their Church expenses and offices; and in country villages, and small country towns, the churchwardens and the old farmers are proverbially so generous and large-hearted in the support of the spiritual economy of the neighbourhood! It will be observed, that the speech of Mr. Disraeli goes to the attempt at the resumption of the long-contested, and frequently-disused means of purchasing the vestry wine, washing the surplice, and procuring the wherewithal for the occasional dinner.

What will be the issue? Well, during the next session there will be another struggle. The rash Rupert of the Conservatives will lead on his cavaliers to the charge—most likely, a last and desperate effort will be made. And will the House of Commons go back upon this question? It will be the greatest piece of retrogression in modern Parliamentary history, and the greatest triumph of political mendacity and recklessness. Steadily has this question been gaining ground. Is it to lose all now? It has been said that the question originated with the Church Liberation Society; and that the abolition of Church-rates would promote their ulterior views. But the question was alive long before that society adopted it into their programme of action; it is twenty-six years since Mr. Disraeli, M.P., first brought forward a motion for the abolition of Church-rates in 1835. Sir Robert Peel admitted the necessity of dealing with the question. In 1837, 600,000 persons petitioned Parliament for their abolition, and so the question has gradually advanced. Mr. Disraeli says, it is a matter of public humour, not of public opinion. Well, the humour is at any rate a very settled one. The general and progressive character of the opposition is further illustrated by the Parliamentary returns presented from 1827 to 1859, which showed throughout that period, a continuous decline in the sum derived from Church-rates, it having within that period fallen from £519,000 to 260,000:—

Amount received } from rates in.....		1827 ...	£519,307			
"	"	1832 ...	432,577...	{ diminution }	...	867,30
				{ in 5 years }		
"	"	1839 ...	351,771...	7 "	...	80,806
"	"	1854 ...	314,659...	15 "	...	37,112
						<u>£204,648</u>
Average amount } received during the		1859*...	263,709		50,950	
7 years ending ... }						<u>£255,598</u>

These returns, however, fail to give an adequate idea of the extent of hostile feeling with which this ecclesiastical impost is regarded; inasmuch as, besides omitting many parishes in which rates are no longer levied, they take but little cognizance of the strong but unavailing opposition of minorities, and give little or no information as to the numerous cases in which the collection of a Church-rate has been found impracticable, either on account of its invalidity, or of the anticipated number of recusants to the demand.†

The Church-rate ought to be abolished; it must be abolished; it can never be equitably levied; to attempt to perpetuate it is simply monstrous. A very large proportion of what the Church of England ought to regard as its best work, is done in the crowded districts of large towns and cities by district churches imitating the voluntarism of Dissent. Within the last twenty years, Church of Englandism has raised, if not entirely voluntarily, yet principally so, her thousands of churches, and by voluntarism they are chiefly supported. Many in our great cities are but independent chapels beneath the slight shadow of Episcopacy; why, the movements of modern Church-rate defenders would throw the sustenance of all these upon the rate, and many a large and flourishing district church would become as paralysed, or palsied, as some poor little village perpetual curacy, with all its tithes ministering to some non-resident lay impropiator. A Church-rate, in full vigour through the country, would be far more disas-

* This last amount is not the sum raised in 1859, but the average raised during 1852-9. If it be correct, as already stated, that the increased severity of the parochial opposition to rates commenced at a later date, it will be obvious that the amount received during 1852-6 will have been above the average, and the amount received during 1856-9 below it. It is the opinion of those who have watched matters in the interest of the Anti-rate party, that nearly the whole of the diminution shown above (£50,950) is due to the latter half of Mr. Walpole's period.

† "Notes for the Consideration of the Peers."

trous to the Church itself, than Dissent. When will these men learn, that religion always expires where these compulsory rates swaddle and bandage round its votaries?

When, some years since, we resided in a small village in the West of England, the perpetual curate, an old, good-tempered churchman, of a school very remote from either the Broad school or the Puseyite, and who made it his constant complaint that he wondered the people did not come to hear him preach, as he got the best sermons to be got for money, met one of the supporters of the little village-tabernacle in the street; and, after some other parish conversation, he said, "I tell ee what, it do very much puzzle me that you don't come to church. Why, I heard t'other day, that you give pounds and pounds to that chapel, and pay pounds a year for your pew there; now, don't ee know, you could have a pew in the old church for nothing; how can ee be so foolish and obstinate; do think about it man, do think about it." And we believe, that on the whole, these are the men, and these are the places desirous of maintaining Church-rates; but they must go. Mr. Disraeli and Archdeacon Denison are dreaming fire-brands—

"Simply this, and nothing more."

On one point, we believe, the friends of abolition will especially differ with Mr. Disraeli—it is a little matter of working detail, still it is of moment—"Let there be no more petitioning." Why petition? Last year, the Pro-rate people challenged to petition, and were beaten three to one—610,877 signatures for abolition, against 197,687 in opposition to it; so that the 15,000 petitions for which Mr. Disraeli so loudly calls, even if they came in, as certainly they would not, would barely represent a balance of sentiment, with all the puffing and blowing. But our Church of England friends are not generally remarkable for enthusiasm, and those of them who are, would not expend their enthusiasm in rallying round Rupert the Rash.
